JULY 18, 1872.

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TO ALL!
ADVERTISERS
PROPOSALS FOR MAIL STEAMSHIP SERVI
BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO, JAPAN AN
CHINA.
POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 25, 187
In accordance with the provisions of sec
6 of the act of Congress approved June 1
1872, entitled "An act making appropriations for the
of the Post-office Department for the year
thirty, eighteen hundred and seventy-three
sections are in the words and figures following, viz:
Sec. 3. * * * And the Postmaster-General
by authorized to contract with the lowest bidder,
three months after the passage of this act, after
days' public notice, for a term not to exceed four years from
after the first day of October, eighteen hundred
seventy-three, for the conveyance of an additional
monthly mail on the said route, at a compensation
to exceed the rate per voyage now paid under
existing contracts, and upon the same conditions
limitations as prescribed by existing acts of Co
in reference to the letting of contracts for mail service
in pursuance thereof; and the contractors under
provisions of this section shall be required to
trips without additional charge, on all the regular
trips they may run upon said line, or any part of it, to
branch or branches thereof: Provided, That all steam-
ships hereafter accepted for said service shall be
not less than four thousand tons register each, and
ships shall be wholly of American construction, and
shall be so constructed as to be readily adapted to the
armed naval service of the United States in case of
war, and before acceptance the officers by whom they
are inspected shall report to the Secretary of the Navy
and the Postmaster-General whether this condition
has been complied with: Provided, That in all cases
provided for shall be employed in the service none but
citizens of the United States, and that persons of foreign birth, who have declared
their intention to become citizens of the United States, may be employed as though
they were citizens with the meaning of this section, or
any act or acts specified in the act of June twenty-
eighth, eighteen hundred and sixty-four; and the Government of the United States shall have the right in case of war to take for the use of the United States
any of the steamers of said line, and in such case to make reasonable compensation therefor. Provided, That
price paid shall in no case exceed the original cost of
the vessel so taken, and this provision shall extend to
and be applicable to the steamers of the branches
hereinafter provided for."
"Sec. 6. That if the contract for the increase of
mail service between San Francisco and China and
Japan to a semi-monthly service shall not be made with
the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, or shall not be
performed in the said company's ships, or the ships of
successors in interest, the moneys payable under
contract shall be paid while the said company or
successors in interest shall maintain and run the line
of steamships for the transportation of freight and
passengers at present run between New York and
Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama, by the
Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and no new
Provided, That said company shall in all respects
apply to any party contracting for the mail service
between San Francisco and China and Japan, as well
to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company."
PROPOSALS
will be received at the Post-office Department, in the
City of Washington, until 5 o'clock P. M. on MONDAY,
the 1st day of August, 1872, for conveying the mail
by United States, by means of an additional
line of first-class American seagoing steamships of
not less than four thousand tons register each, and
sufficient to perform twelve round trips per
from between the port of San Francisco and the
of Hong Kong, (China), touching at Yokohama
(Japan), with a regular branch line running in con-
tion with the main line between Yokohama
Shanghai, (China), for a contract term of ten
from and after the first day of October, eighteen
dred and seventy-three.
Each bid should name the time proposed to be
pied in performing the passages each way, including
detentions at intermediate ports; and also the
of the steamers at each of the intermediate
Schedules of sailing days, stating the proposed
and hours of departure from each
as well as the proposed days and hours of
arrival, should also accompany each bid. The
departures must be so arranged as to afford
equal and regular intervals with those of the pres-
monthly line during its continuance, forming a
semi-monthly service in connection therewith; and
the arrivals must be so arranged as to afford to the
the Post-master-General, and to adjustment or al-
from time to time, as the interests of
the postal service may require.
The steamships offered for the service must be A
class iron steamships of the first class, in all respects
conformity to the requirements of the laws and
regulations of the navy-department for mail steamships
of their class in service; and before acceptance they will be subject
to inspection and survey by an experienced
naval constructor, to be detailed for that purpose by
the Secretary of the Navy.
Proposals must conform in all particulars to the
provisions and requirements of the acts of Congress
approved February 17th, 1865, and February 18th, 1871,
and of sections 4 and 6 of the above cited act of July
1, 1872, and must be properly guaranteed with satisfactory testimonials that the bidder or bidders and
their guarantors are men of property and abundantly able to make good their tender and guarantee.
The bidder or bidders must be an American citizen or citizens.
The bidder's name and residence, and the names of each member of the firm, when a partnership offer, should be distinctly stated. If made by a corporation, the bid must be accompanied by a duly authenticated copy of the charter or articles of incorporation and list of officers and directors.
All bids exceeding the sum of five thousand dollars must be accompanied by a certified check or draft payable to the order of the Postmaster-General, on some solvent national bank, of not less than five per cent. of the amount of one year's pay proposed by such bid; such check or draft to be subject to the forfeiture, in the provisions of existing laws in respect to forfeiture.
Any assignment or transfer of an ocean mail contract is expressly forbidden by law. Such assignments or transfers are null and void, and the Postmaster-General is required to determine any contract in case of being underlet or assigned.
Proposals should be sent under seal to "The Superintendent of Foreign Mails," with the words "Mail Proposals," "Japan and China route," written on the face of the address, and they should be dispatched in time to be received at this Department on or before twelve o'clock, M., of Monday, the 12th day of August next, which will be the last day for receiving proposals under this advertisement.
JNO. A. J. CRESWELL,
Postmaster-General.
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MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, PERU, & CHILI
On 15th and 30th of each month.
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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXIV. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1872. NUMBER 1234.

SUMMER SHADES.

BY RAY PALMER, D. D.

From the scorching noontide heat
Welcome is this cool retreat:
This dark grove, where all o'erhead
Thick, inwoven boughs are spread,
Yielding grateful, solemn shade,
Even as for a temple made.

Silence keepeth here her reign,
Hushed is e'en the cuckoo's strain,
Save at intervals a note
That, but softer, doth float
On the breeze that, whispering low,
Lingers as if loth to go.

Peace hath here her chosen bower,
All o'ergrown with vine and flower,
That, in close embrace entwined,
Types of friendship seem designed;
Here she bids calm thought to stay,
Woos from aught that chafes away.

Eve, 'neath this ancient tree
Lo! a mossy seat for thee;
Velvet Ottoman it seems,
Where to lounge in waking dreams!
All the scene our stay invites,
Welcomes us to pure delights.

Nature, thou in hearts that love
All sweet sympathies canst move;
Voiceless to the listening ear,
Thou hast words the soul can hear;
Many a secret rare they tell
In lone wood and cloistered dell.

Secrets to the schools unknown,
Learned by childlike souls alone;
Truths—that make the spirit pure,
Balms—of power its wounds to cure,
Spells—that work it deepest joy,
Sweetness—that hath no alloy.

Dearest! into souls like thine,
Quick to feel each force divine,
Scenes like this do evermore
Fresh life-currents richly pour,
Make thy softly-beaming eye
Glow and flash with ecstasy!

While we drink the stillness here,
No intruding footsteps near,
All our kind affections seem
Mingled into one full stream;
And there stealeth o'er each breast
The sweet joy of hearts at rest.

Who, oh! who would share the race
Of yon throng, that blindly chase
Pleasure false through glittering halls,
Whither with feigned voice she calls,
Oft to fix her poisoned dart
Quivering in the bleeding heart!

When on us to weariness
Life's thick-coming cares shall press,
When the noontide sun doth burn,
Oft our feet shall thither turn,
And where these thick shades o'erclose
Find in Nature's lap repose.

Gladder, sweeter so shall be
Summer hours for you and me;
Pleasures true our hearts shall taste,
Purer grow as years shall waste,
Till, where noontide scorcheth never,
Joy's full cup we drink forever!

CHARLES SUMNER'S CRISIS.

BY BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

EVERY man has an hour when he is tempted up to what he is able to bear. He may think it is above that point; but it is not so, for God has promised that no such burden shall be laid upon him. Only short of that does the tempter stop. That exceeding high mountain must be ascended. That pinnacle of the temple must bedazzle its occupant. He must be completely tried before he comp'etely triumphs. Mr. Sumner's hour has come. It was not when, a young man, he cast aside the longings of a cultivated nature for the cloisters of a professorship. That temptation was great; but it was honorable. Nor was it when he broke with the Whig party of Massachusetts, and turned away from his honored associates, to cast in his fortunes with a small and despised company, who preferred principle to power, Christian duty to choice society. That was no temptation. It was a call of God; not a snare of the Devil. Nor was it when the lovers of the slave in Massachusetts centered upon their eloquent young leader as the successor of Webster, the champion of the cause of man in the highest parliament of earth, though all parties united in that elevation, though combinations of Democrats and anti-Democrats of all shades were essential to its success. Yet this combination was to advance the cause of freedom, was to put her best political representative where he could best work her work. He suffered no temptation in that grand hour of his history. It was

> "God's all-animating voice
> That called him from on high;
> 'Twas He whose hand set forth the prize
> To his aspiring eye."

His whole course since has been without sore and sinful temptation. The world knows it by heart. It will know it forever. Not the Gracchi, who perished attempting to liberate Roman slaves; not Theodore, the monk, who suppressed gladiatorial combats with his own life; not Las Casas, who became a slave that he might save slaves; not Howard, nor Granville Sharp, nor Wilberforce, will equal his fame. For no one broke so heavy yokes from so many necks. Wilberforce did not raise to his own side in Parliament the men he had liberated. Sumner has. Howard did not liberate unrighteously bound. Sumner has. Las Casas did not emancipate the slaves with whom he identified himself. Sumner has. The Gracchi did not abolish slavery, though they died attempting it. Sumner has. The past, at least, is secure. There are the orations—"Slavery Sectional, Freedom National," "The Crime against Kansas," "The Barbarism of Slavery"; and there they will remain forever.

The temptation comes to-day. A chief elected because his arm had achieved Sumner's ideas; because he had abolished the barbarism, and made freedom national and slavery not even sectional—this chief and he fail to agree on a matter of minor importance. One desires the annexation of an island; the other opposes it. Grant soon after removes a friend of Sumner's from an important seat. It seemed unjust, retaliatory, unstatesmanlike. His own removal from an important chairmanship soon follows. It is attributed to the same source. These are the points of his offending. To these may be added one severe charge—that of using improper means to effect the annexation of St. Domingo. This is all the category. His appointing a few relatives to minor offices, his receiving of a few presents for his unmeasured services, would have never been mentioned had not the other grievances arisen.

And yet for these petty considerations Mr. Sumner is being urged to cast away all his life-work, to undo all he has so grandly done, to throw his emancipated friends into the clutches of their angry masters, to trample his fame, his deeds, his humble allies into dishonored dust. How will the country exclaim, if he takes this fatal step:

> "What private griefs he has, alas! we know not,
> That make him do it."

They must be private, for no public reasons could compel such a conclusion.

What if Mr. Fish is ungentlemanly, and Gen. Grant no scholar nor statesman? What if the Geneva questions are defective, though no deficiency in their presentation yet appears: for they have strictly followed the line of Mr. Sumner's argument? What if Mr. Motley be removed, or what if even Mr. Sumner no longer sit as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations? Are these the matters to which he devoted his youth and in which he has employed all his mature years and power? What has a minister to St. James or the headship of a petty committee to do with his historic career? Nobody knew or cared who was in London or who sat at the head of that committee's table. Everybody knew who rung his clarion for the oppressed and against the oppressor. Nobody cared whether Motley or Jay or Schenck or Adams lounged about Downing Street. Everybody cared for him who smote the slave-power the most tremendous blow, and made that gigantic crime tremble under his terrific maledictions. Nobody cared as to who guided our foreign affairs. Everybody cared as to who guided our domestic policy.

The time has come when the party that has done this work asks a continuance of power. Its ambitious enemies have beguiled certain of its former supporters from their steadfastness, and are now seeking his co-operation. They go to him with plausible words. They promise equality and fraternity with the negro, open courts, open schools, open churches, open inns, and equality in all places of public resort. They mean no such purpose. They carefully exclude their promises from the reports of their conversation. They hate the party that has conquered—its ideas and its managers. They will drive out those ideas, with their managers, so surely as they elect their candidate for the Presidency. That body of unrepentant men cast nearly three million of votes in '68. The friends of the slave, of liberty, and of Union cast only a little over three millions; hardly a quarter of a million difference. If that quarter of a million is taken away from Grant, and given to Greeley, it will still be the two and three-quarters millions that elect the latter and that will control his policy. Sampson could as properly have expected to have been elected king of the Philistines after they had flattered him into their power as Sumner to control these Philistines if they succeed in his capture. They will mock at his pleas. They will hang and slay. The negro of the South will have to hide himself from his murderous foe, or crouch at his feet in revived servility and a more hideous slavery. Their white brothers will have to abandon their posts or refrain from putting forth their just powers for their improvement.

The Church will feel the blow, and her broad and busy work for the elevation of that country will all be stayed.

And this to avenge private griefs, or because the chief of the party he is not inclined to favor. Better endure these ills than to fly to those too well known and too fearful to contemplate.

Mr. Sumner may fancy that with Mr. Greeley as President and himself as Secretary of State the millions of greybacks will accept their leadership and meekly march to their old Republican step. Far from it. It is power for their own sake they want; power they will have, if they cast almost the entire vote of their party, as they will. The Wade Hamptons will shove these leaders from their stools, and sway themselves the scepter they have seized. Not even the presidency and secretaryship can prevent this mastery. The tools to those who own them. And Charles Sumner will serve in the prison-house of Jefferson Davis. If he holds the chief clerkship in that dungeon he is still a slave, and not a ruler. We entreat Mr. Sumner to give pause. Let the voices of his own past recall him from this fatal step. Let the cries of his emancipated brethren preserve him, who are instinctively and almost unanimously against this action. Let his own state keep him steadfast, as sagacious to-day as in all her history in this struggle.

Let him dislike and disavow the chief nominee, if he chooses; but not disavow for any such reasons, the principles and the party which are in him represented. He is only an incumbent for four short years. He may be endured, if endurance is necessary. But let not his supporters be slaughtered out of malice to him, or out of any feeling that he is unfit for his station. We doubt this unfitness. We believe he is one of the wisest rulers America has ever possessed. But Mr. Sumner thinks otherwise. Let him think so and say so; but let him not, for that reason, strike at the party which alone can preserve all that made him immortal. We beg him to join hands with his friends in the preservation of his nation from the peril overhanging it, to keep faith with the loyal men of the South, to strengthen them in their endeavors to establish the true, the right, and the good over all that still heated and disrupted soil. May he continue to lead Massachusetts and the country in this good path, and not destroy utterly and forever all his power, by going over to an enemy that will clip him of his strength, put out his eyes, and compel him to make sport for them as they feast in the house of authority to which he has admitted them. This is the hour of his temptation. May he prayerfully reject the bait of pleasing ill, abide with his long-tried fellow-workers, and labor steadily, through these former and still acceptable channels, for the completion of the real work of his life, which is infinitely grander than any of its foreign episodes—even the perfect equality of all men in all places, irrespective of all unrighteous and unhuman distinctions. As he said to Stanton, so say all lovers of humankind and his life ideas and works, to him: "Stick!"

CLERICAL CLOTHES.

BY E. A. LAWRENCE, D.D.

"THE first spiritual want of a barbarian," says Coleridge, "is decoration." "Clothes have made *men* of us. They gave us individuality, distinctions, and social polity." He lays down the proposition that man's earthly interests are "all hooked and buttoned together and held up by clothes"—that "society is founded on cloth." In this one subject, rightly understood, "is included," he thinks, "all that men have thought, dreamed, done, or been; and the whole external universe, and what it holds, is but clothing, and the essence of all science lies in the philosophy of clothes."

There is more of important practical truth in these quaint, terse sentences than is generally supposed. The philosophy of clothes takes in all the kingdoms and dominions of Fashion, with her ever-changing, fleeting, and competing dynasties. It is only on a single branch of the subject, Clerical Clothes, that I wish to say a few words. My attention was turned more particularly to this topic through an article in a religious journal, some time since, by one of the clergy, on "Clerical Affectations."

The writer thinks "Popish superstition has left its traces on the minds of the descendants of the Pilgrims, in the strange opinions held as to what is and what is not proper for ministers to wear." "It has somehow been settled," he says, "that the correct clerical color, any departure from which is eccentricity, is black." And this is, "despite the only precept in Scripture which teaches the question of color in dress—Ecclesiastes, ix, 8." For a minister "to button his vest a little higher in the neck," or "dangle coat-tails a trifle longer, than if he was a layman," with certain styles of cutting and brushing the hair and whiskers, is set down as an "expression of the lurking feeling that the minister possesses something of a priestly character." The simple use of Rev. to designate the ministerial office seems to him "empty and silly, if not worse."

These were new views to me respecting the fathers and brethren in the ministry. I had not discovered any such "lurking" feeling in them. And, while they profess in their creeds and catechisms to believe that only One has anything of the "priestly character," I could not suspect them of any. So far as the almost universal usage is concerned, it does seem to be "settled that the clerical color is black." But I should not like to explain this fact by "traces of Popish superstition," and a "priestly" feeling. I do not perceive any evidence of either. It would not be charitable, I think it would be unjust, to charge either.

Besides, black is neither the Popish nor priestly color. It is scholastic. The black gown in which some of the clergy preach came from the universities, and not the priesthood. It has been worn by scholars and jurists, as well as clergymen. Black coats are worn more or less also by civilians. General Washington was accustomed at levees and at church to appear in a black suit. The priestly color is white. It was so in the Levitical economy. In every altar service "the priest shall put on his linen garment and his linen breeches." Undoubtedly it is to this that Solomon refers (Ecclesiastes, ix, 8) when he says: "Let thy garments always be white, and thy head lack no oil." As a figure inculcating purity, and as a symbol from the anointing of the high priest of the baptism of the Spirit, it is expressive and beautiful. As a "precept" touching color in dress, it has had no other significance since the one great sacrifice which ended all priesthoods except Christ's. When the man-made priesthood came into the Church the priestly color and robes soon followed. Pope Silvester appointed the sacramental service to be performed in white linen, because, he said, it is a priestly service. The body of Jesus was wrapped in white linen at his burial. Ever since, papal and priestly vestries have been fitting up with white robes and rags. The surplice and all are white. So are the chasuble and pall. Not a hem or a fringe of the *priestly* apparel is black. The ministers Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist—are committing a ludicrous mistake if they are clinging to black coats from a lurking *priestly* feeling or any fond recollections of the Papacy.

But what shall they do? Is there any sartorial canon? Who shall determine the cut and color of their clothes? This writer answers: "They should wear whatever would become a banker or a merchant; and anything different is affectation." This is a decisive and incisive dictum and doctrine of dress. But what is affectation? Worcester says it is the "art or quality of assuming a manner or character not our own; insincerity, artificial show, false pretense." Webster's definition is nearly the same. One needs to be very old and very wise to take on himself such a censorship and launch forth such accusations of insincerity, artifice, false pretense against such a company of the best men in the land. It reminds me a little of the boys and the bears in the days of Elijah. It looks like the poet's keen criticism: "The soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matters of heavy consequence."

But here is a question of philosophy and taste, as well as charity. Why should not clergymen be allowed to wear what they think becomes them and their calling, as well as bankers and merchants? What is there in these men, some of whom are "operators" and co-operators in the "Rings," that they should be set up as models to the clergy in fashion and dress, any more than in manners or morals? Why should we be thought heretical and hypocritical if in so simple a matter as the cut and color of our clothes we differ from those who differ so much from each other, and at different times from themselves, if we have some general agreement among ourselves and adhere to it? If our taste should be thought not as good as theirs, yet it is ours, and is better for us than to have theirs dictated to us. We have a right to it, and it is generally satisfactory, else it would not be so "*settled*" and abiding. In this view dress becomes a kind of personal and professional glossary or table of contents, what some one calls a "species of body phrenology." Otherwise it is only a general mark of civilization.

Further, there are some points of practical theology in this fixity of clerical fashions. It relieves ministers from the unseemliness and inconvenience of having to keep an eye on the Broadways and Wall Streets, to see what the bankers and merchants are wearing. It is a matter of economy, too, often a very needful grace for ministers; for fashions are not only capricious and fleeting, but expensive. There are some items of comfort and comeliness also in these settled clerical styles, if what a sagacious critic says is true respecting the prevalent "male costume"—that it is "a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicturesque, which, except in the light of a retribution, it is puzzling to account for." "Stiff, but not plain; bare, without being simple; not durable, not becoming, not cheap." The "hat is a machine which an impartial stranger might impute a variety of useful culinary purposes to; but would never dream of putting on his head. His coat is a contrivance which covers only half his person, and does not fit that."

In this arrangement, which has come about by no ecclesiastical legislation or papal or prelatical dictation, but through a common sentiment, there are some elements of a wise military and police administration. The soldier has his uniform, and the policeman his badge; not for ornament or affectation, but use. The black coat seems to be settled on as the clerical color and a badge of the profession. The humble wearer says that he is not ashamed of his commission or afraid to show his colors. And this sometimes among strangers, affords him opportunities of giving information or aid to those who are led from his badge to seek it, with confidence of him. In traveling, it sometimes brings him agreeable and life-long acquaintances with those who sought his society from sympathy with his work and love of his Master.

Nevertheless, if any wish to follow the bankers, and wear what they wear—drab, gray, snuff, black, or blue, long or short—and change as they change, there is no law against it. He should have perfect liberty to leave off the black coat, and exchange the "white cravat" for "the white vest," if he is inclined. And, if his ministerial neighbor should prefer, from habit, or taste, or both, to keep on his black coat, he should have the same freedom. I should not like to accuse either of affectation.

Unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, and charity in all things, is the true theology on this sartorial subject, as on all others. It is of very little consequence whether the clerical color be black or blue, be settled or variable; whether clerical coats be longer or shorter, and clerical hair and whiskers be brushed this way or that. But it is vastly important that ministers should be honest, earnest, charitable men, and that they should neither put on false pretenses nor be charged with them until known to be guilty. Now abideth unity, liberty, charity; "but the greatest of these is charity."

WHOM SHALL WE CHOOSE?

BY REV. THOS. K. BEECHER.

MOST Christian churches in this land pick out their own preachers. The Roman Catholic and the feebler Methodist churches take the man that is sent to them by a superior authority; but all the rest, some in one way and some in another, settle the question for themselves what man shall be their "pastor." The decisive act is the call of a church.

This fact is thinly disguised by pleasant fictions of one sort and another—councils, presbyteries, associations, consociations, and episcopal visitations, and such like. These keep up their orderly ways and go through a form of settlement. But for the most part it is understood that these nominal authorities shall merely ratify what the church has already settled.

If churches in exercising this power act without regard to any standard saving their own tastes and impulses, they will very possibly satisfy themselves; but it may be doubted that they will always choose as their pastor the man who will bring them nearest to God. It may be doubted that our churchmembers generally have prepared themselves to act as judges of the credentials of a Christian minister.

Hoping that my words may prove a help to members of churches on the look-out for pastors and teachers, I have thrown together some credentials or signs of a truly Christian prophet or preacher, as derived from the example and words of Jesus Christ himself. I assume, of course, that agreement with and likeness to Jesus Christ are qualities of supreme importance:

—When Jesus came to John seeking baptism, John recoiled, saying: I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest thou to me? To which Jesus replied in an undertone: Suffer it to be so now, for thus it befits us *to fulfill all righteousness*.

Here we have Jesus the one human being that never had any need of ceremony, sacrament, or church; yet from his very infancy he observed all the salutary usages of the church of which he was a birthright member. Instead of pleading his inspiration and direct converse with God as an excuse for disorder and neglect of venerable rites, he himself was as faultless in the matter of pious usages as Saul the Pharisee, who afterward became Paul the apostle. Nay, even though he was without sin, yet, recognizing the need of human nature, he declared: "It behooves us prophets to fulfill all righteousness." That is, rites, religious uses, and observances; and this sinless Jesus was baptized like any sinner.

This, then, is one sign that a man is a medium of the Holy Ghost. He never rebels against pious usages that have been sacred in their origin and that have approved themselves salutary in the visible Church of God. The true prophet is conservative of good things or of things that have been good. John Wesley showed himself in nothing more unmistakably the servant of God, raised up and inspired to a magnificent work, than in this, that he lived and died an orderly and obedient member of the Protestant Episcopal Church of England.

Nothing is so taking, so popular, and nothing so un-Christlike or cheap, as sharp criticisms of old fogy churches, usages, or ideas. Such criticisms may prove the young preacher or candidate inspired; but they do not prove that the direction whence the inspiration comes is altogether desirable. The word devil means accuser of the brethren. This should be borne in mind by churchmembers when they hear venerable brethren and fathers accused from their pulpits.

—Another scene from the life or Jesus: He went up into a mountain, and when he was set he taught. At the close of the sermon the evangelist adds: He taught not as the scribes, but as one having authority. No one knows where that mountain was nor what Jesus sat upon as he taught. It may have been a bowlder, or an outcropping ledge, or a bank of grass. No matter. It was an informal, unconsecrated, rude, and rural place. He wore his everyday clothes, and his disciples sat or stood or lay down in a most informal way. Thus, without any apparatus of help whatever, he preached the one great sermon of the ages.

That is to say, the truly inspired or Christian preacher can use a pulpit, a chancel, or dedicated house, or robes, or liturgic preparations, but is superior to them all; in any place, however rude, he is ready to speak from his stores of heavenly wisdom.

Because the power of such teaching can be ascribed to none of the surroundings; but the inspired teacher gathers every eye to himself, and wakes an echo in every heart, therefore, will the people say: "*He teaches with authority.*" The scribes and the church officers teach with help and apparatus; this man teaches by the indwelling power of God.

This, then, is a test of the true prophet or preacher, that he flings forth his gifts to men unconsciously, without affectation, effort, or pretense. Many illustrations of this occur in the life of Jesus. He sat in a boat, and taught the people on shore. He walked the meandering foot-paths, and talked to his disciples, now before him, and now behind him. He overtook two who went to Emmaus, and opened the Scriptures to them. He spoke words of wisdom at supper tables and at great parties and Sabbath feasts. The candidate, then, who preaches with great power in the pulpit only may be in part inspired, but the presumption is that place and social usage are stronger with him than the divine rapture.

Of Jesus it is said, the common people heard him gladly. The common people hear clowns and demagogues gladly also. So this test of inspiration is shared with the lowest class of public teachers. Still it is a test in both cases of inspiration. As air and light, are there many sources of inspiration. But in the case of Jesus the common people, as contrasted with the higher classes, heard him the more readily.

No prophecy is of any private interpretation. Human nature is one great common denominator. If, then, there come a message from God adapted to mankind—good news to all men—it must be to average human nature, and not to a few who have outrun or outgrown or been lifted above their fellows. A message to a select few is not necessarily true; but it is certainly incomplete, one-sided, partial. Ralph Waldo Emerson has in this land a small circle of enthusiastic disciples. They make up by the intensity of their admiration for their lack of numbers. But by the fact that Emerson cannot speak to the people at large he is proved to be a prophet with a private interpretation. In contrast with him, take Abraham Lincoln and his utterances, noticeably his short speech at Gettysburg. He had the gift of speaking so that every citizen understood him. He was felt. The common people heard him gladly. This I give, then, as a third test of a Christian prophet or preacher.

By this test the true prophet is distinguished from the rioting fanatic. Paul says: We are manifest unto God. So says every ranting fanatic. Paul adds: And we trust also in your consciences; which is not true of fanatics. This is what Jesus illustrated. And, though a preacher have the tongues of men and angels, if he have not this ratification, that the average common people hear and understand him, he lacks credentials.

—Being understood by the common people implies, of course, that the true prophet comprehends in himself the many partial truths which are held by the different classes and sects in the community. Jesus illustrated this also. He was born among the poor, yet had his grave with the rich in his death; and his whole life between, meandered, touching every class in the community, and touching in such a sympathetic way as to be for the time equally welcome in every class, for he included in himself the truth that made each class possible and necessary. By and by he was rejected by all classes, because he would not take their errors also.

This quality of divine comprehensiveness distinguishes the inspired teacher and makes him unlike what we call a church-man. This quality of comprehensiveness separates him and identifies the inspiration, whether it be from God, who comprehends all things, or from Satan and his angels, whose inspiration is ever from self and the devotees of self.

Jesus was a welcome guest at what we should call a revel, maintained at least three days in Cana of Galilee; and no less welcome at the house where Mary and Martha had shut themselves in to bewail their dead brother; the old Scribes and Pharisees were fascinated, asking and answering questions, and children were attracted, I doubt not, climbing his knee and listening to his stories. The renegade publican was drawn to him, and became his host at dinner; and the proud and patriotic Pharisee was glad to entertain him on the Sabbath day. The Sadducees rejoiced in him because of his clear, unflinching rationalism, and his piercing analysis of hypocrisy and useless ceremony; the Pharisees rejoiced in him no less because he taught the resurrection of the dead and was exemplary in every day's duty; the Jew rejoiced in him because he said salvation is of the Jews; the Samaritans rejoiced in him because, being a Jew, he associated with Samaritans and showed himself a prophet.

He was no respecter of persons; and this not by a conscious determination to carry himself with cold impartiality, so that the jealous could find no fault in him, but by a divine comprehension and perfect sympathy he fitted himself to the times and to every diversity of man; because in him dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and whatever truth was precious to any human being was recognized and reflected instantly by him.

This quality is characteristic of a truly Christian minister. He will be profoundly unconscious of human parties, sects, and rankings; he will deport himself with equal ease and intelligence among the highest and among the lowest, so called—and this without effort, almost without thought. He will hardly know great from small, rich from poor. These things cannot abide in the mind of him who receives from God the inspiration of a Christian teacher.

The Christian prophet or preacher will resemble Jesus Christ is my postulate. For the prophet is sent into the world of Jesus, as he himself was sent of the Father. Like Jesus, then, the true preacher will show a reverent appreciation of holy usages; destroying none, fulfilling and thus vivifying all. But, like Jesus still, he will be able to preach and teach anywhere, without pulpit, church roof, robes, or apparatus—teach as having authority. He will speak the vernacular of the people, and show himself to comprehend in himself the half truths now distributed among classes.

It is to be feared that few churches are prepared to recognize and welcome such a teacher. Equally doubtful also that ordinary ministerial training tends to the development of such Christ-like prophets. It may be that the economy of Christ's church provides, as in the old days, for church-officers by hundreds and for prophets only now and then. Be this as it may, it is well for all ministers to labor and pray that they may receive power from on high to te

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ET TU!

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Is this the end of all these years?
Must we be strangers now, we two?
Find you such sweetness in my tears
That you should choose this thing to do?
That you should smite me, unawares,
And hate me when you find me true—
Is this the fruit your loving bears?
I had not thought so ill of you!

Ah! looking deep into your eyes,
I thought to read you through and through;
Ah! listening to your low replies,
How confidence and fealty grew;
Remembering 'tis your hand that tries
Our ancient compact to undo,
My blood is frozen with surprise—
I had not thought so ill of you!

Perhaps a prouder heart than mine
Might lift a face of brighter hue;
Perhaps a bitterer heart than mine
Might wish some evil fate to you;
Perhaps a harder heart than mine
By word or deed might make you rue;
But I shall leave you this one sign:
I had not thought so ill of you!

BITS OF TRAVEL AT HOME.

FROM OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

BY H. H.

At Ogden the Union Pacific Railroad ends and the Central Pacific Railroad begins. The Pullman drawing-room cars also end, and the silver palace-cars begin; and we are told that there are good reasons why no mortal can engage a section of a sleeping-car to be ready for him at Ogden on any particular day. "Through passengers" must be accommodated first. "Through passengers," no doubt, see the justice of this. Way passengers cannot be expected to. But we do most emphatically realize the bearing of it when we arrive at Ogden from Salt Lake City at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and find anxious men standing patiently in line, forty deep, before the ticket-office, biding their chance of having to sit up for the two nights which must be spent on the road between Ogden and San Francisco. It was a desperate hour for that ticket agent; and the crowd was a study for an artist. Most to be pitied of all were the married men, whose nervous wives kept plucking them by the coat-tails and drawing them out of the line once in five minutes, to propose utterly impracticable devices for circumventing or hurrying the ticket-agent. I do not know whether I reveal things which should be hid, or whether the information would be of value upon all days; but there is a side window to that ticket-office, and a superintendent sometimes stands near it, and, by lifting a green curtain, conversations can be carried on, and money and tickets passed in and out. Neither do I know how many, if any, of the forty unfortunates rode all the way bedless to San Francisco; for our first anxiety as to whether we should each get a "section" was soon merged in our second, which was almost as great—what we should do with ourselves in it. A latent sense of justice restrains me from attempting to describe a section. It is impossible to be just to a person or a thing disliked. I dislike the sleeping-car sections more than I ever have disliked, ever shall dislike, or ever can dislike anything in the world. Therefore, I will not describe one. I will speak only of the process of going to bed and getting up in it. Fancy a mattress laid on the bottom shelf in your cupboard, and the cupboard-door shut. You have previously made choice among your possessions which ones you will have put underneath your shelf, where you cannot get at them, and which ones you must have, and will therefore keep all night on the foot of your bed (that is, on your own feet). Accurate memory and judicious selection, under such circumstances, are impossible. No sooner is the cupboard-door shut than you remember that several indispensable articles are under the shelf. But the door is locked, and you can't get out. By which I mean that the porter has put up the curtain in front of your section, and of the opposite section, and you have partially undressed, and can't step out into the narrow aisle without encountering the English gentleman, who is going by to heat water on the stove at the end of the car; and, even if you didn't encounter him, you can't get at the things which have been stowed away under your shelf, unless you lie down at full length on the floor to reach them; and you can't lie down at full length on the floor, because most of the floor is under your opposite neighbor's shelf. So I said the door was locked simply to express the hopelessness of the situation. Then you sit cross-legged on your bed; because, of course, you can't sit on the edge of the shelf after the cupboard-door is shut—that is, the curtain is put up so close to the edge of your bed that, if you do sit there in the natural human manner, your knees and feet will be in the way of the English gentleman when he passes. Sitting cross-legged on your bed, you take off a few of your clothes, if you have courage; and then you cast about to think what you shall do with them. It is quite light in the cupboard, for there is a little kerosene lamp in a tiny glass-doored niche in the wall; and it gives light enough to show you that there isn't a hook or an edge of anything on which a single article can be hung. You gaze drearily around on the smooth, shining panels of hard wood. It is a very handsome cupboard, a good deal plated, besides being made of fine hard woods, into which you can't drive even a pin. At last you have an inspiration. You stand up on the edge of your bed, and, grasping the belt of your dress firmly in each hand, boldly thrust one arm out above the curtain, and hook the belt over the curtain-rod. It swings safely! You sink back triumphant and exhausted; come down on your traveling-bag, and upset it; the cork comes out of the hartshorn bottle, and the hartshorn runs into the borax. (Of course, you can't cross the Alkali Desert without a good supply of counter alkalis). By the time you have saved the remainder of these, and propped the traveling-bag up again, you are frightfully cramped from sitting so long cross-legged. So you lie out straight a few minutes to rest. Then you get up again, more cautiously than before, on the edge of the bed, and hook and pin a few more garments around the curtain-rod. Just as you are hooking on the last one, and feeling quite elated, the car gives a sudden jerk, and out you go, head foremost into the aisle, into the very arms of the English gentleman! Being an English gentleman, he would look the other way if he could; but how can he? He must hold you up! You don't know just how you clamber back. Nothing seems very clear to you for some minutes, except the English gentleman's face, which is indelibly stamped on your brain.

You don't sit up for the next five or six minutes, nor make a sound. Then you reflect that the night is really to be ten hours long, and that there are hairpins and hair. There is no need of greater explicitness.

The feeblest imagination can supply details and dilemmas. You sit up again, and soon become absorbed in necessary transactions. You glance up to the left! Horrors upon horrors! The cupboard-door has suddenly swung off its hinges! That is, the flank piece of the curtain, which is intended to turn a corner at the head of the bed, and shut you off from your neighbor in the next section, being not wide enough, and having no sort of contrivance to fasten it to the wooden partition, has slid along on the rod, and left you just as much exposed to the eyes of all passers-by as if your cupboard had no door at all. You drop—well—all you have in your hands, seize the curtain and hold it in place with your thumb and finger, while you grope for a pin to pin it with. Pin it, indeed! To what? I have before mentioned that the cupboard is of panels of highly-polished hard wood and silver plating. The cars are called "silver" and "palace" for this reason. At last you pin it to the upper edge of your pillow. That seems insecure; especially so, taking into account the fact that you are a restless sleeper. But it is the only thing to be done. Having done this, you look down at the foot of the bed, and find a similar yawning aperture there. You pin this flank curtain to the blanket, and pin the blanket to the mattress. You do all these things, getting about on your knees, with the car shaking and rocking violently over an unusually rough bit of road. When the flap is firmly pinned at the head and the foot, you lean back against the middle of the back of your cupboard, to rest. The glass door outside your little lamp is very hot. You burn your elbow on it, and involuntarily scream.

"What is the matter, ma'am?" says the friendly conductor, who happens to be passing. You start up. That is, you would, if you could; but you can't, because you are sitting cross-legged, and have the cramp besides. But it is too late. The cupboard-door is split in the middle, and there are the conductor's sympathizing eyes looking directly in upon you. It is evidently impossible to have the curtains made tight at the head and foot of your shelf without their parting in the middle. They are too scant. At this despair sets in. However, you unpin the flap at the foot of the bed, repin it so as to leave only a small crack, through which you hope your neighbor will be too busy to look. Then you pin the two curtains together firmly in the middle, all the way up and down. Then you lie down, with your head on your traveling-bag, and resolve to do no more till the cars stop. You fall asleep from exhaustion. When you awake, darkness reigns; a heavy and poisonous air fills your cupboard; the car is dashing on through the night faster than ever. Timidly you unpin the curtains, and peer out. The narrow aisle is curtained from one end to the other; boots are set out at irregular intervals; snores rise in hideous chorus about you; everybody has gone to bed, nobody has opened his window, and most of the ventilators are shut. With all the haste you can make, you try to open the window at the foot of your bed. Alas! while the day lasted you neglected to learn the trick of the fastening; now the night has come, in which no man can undo a car-window. You take the skin off your fingers; you bruise your knuckles; you wrench your shoulder and back with superhuman strains—all the time sitting cross-legged. At last, just as you have made up your mind to follow the illustrious precedent of Mrs. Kemble's elbow, you hit the spring by accident, and, in your exultation, push the window wide open. A fierce and icy blast sweeps in, and your mouth is filled with cinders in a second. This will never do. Now, how to get the window partly down! This takes longer than it took to get it up; but you finally succeed. By this time you are so exhausted that absolute indifference to all things except rest seizes you. You slip in between the sheets, and shut your eyes. As you doze off, you have a vague impression that you hear something tumble off the foot of the bed into the aisle. You hope it is your boots, and not your traveling-bag, with the bottles in it; but you would not get up again to see—no, not if the whole car-load of passengers were to be waked up by a pungent odor of ammonia and alcohol proceeding from your cupboard. Strange to say, you sleep. Your dreams are nightmares—but still you sleep through till daylight.

As soon as you awake you spring up and listen. All is still. Some of the snores still continue. You put up a fervent ejaculation of gratitude that you have waked so early. You resume the cross-legged position, and look about you for your possessions. It was your traveling-bag, after all, which fell off the shelf. You find it upside down on the floor in the aisle. You find, also, one boot. The other cannot be found. A horrible fear seizes you that it has gone out of the window. As calmly as your temperament will permit, you go on putting your remains together. The car is running slowly; and, all things considered, you think you are doing pretty well, when suddenly you encounter, in a glistening panel on the back of your cupboard, close to the head of your bed, a sight which throws you into new perplexity. There is—yes, it is—the face of the English gentleman. But what does it mean that the eyes are closed and a red silk handkerchief is bound about his florid brow? While you stare incredulously, the face turns on its pillow. A sleepy hand stretches up and rubs one eye. The eye opens, gazes languidly about, closes again, and the English gentleman sinks off into his morning nap. You seize your pillow, prop it up against the shining panel, so as to cut off this extremely involuntary view; then you stop dressing, and think out the phenomenon. It is very simple. The partitions between the sections do not join the walls of the car by two inches or more. The polished panel just behind this space is a perfect mirror, reflecting a part of each section; then you glance guiltily down to the similar mirror at the foot of your bed. Sure enough, the same thing! There you see the head of an excellent German frau, whom you had observed the day before. She also is sound asleep. You prop your other pillow up in that corner, lest she should awake; and then you hurry on your clothes stealthily as a thief. The boot, however, cannot be found, and you are at last constrained to go to the dressing-room without it. The dressing-room is at the further end of the car. Early as you are, fellow-women are there before you—three of them; one in possession of the washbowl, two waiting for their turn. You fall into line, thankful for being only the fourth. You sit bashfully on somebody's valise, while these strangers make their toilets. You reflect on the sweet and wonderful power of adaptation which distinguishes some natures; the guileless trust in the kindliness of their own sex which enables some women to treat all other women as if they were their sisters. The three are relating their experiences.

"Well, I got along very well," says one, "till somebody opened a window; and after that I thought I should freeze to death. My husband, he called the conductor up, and they shut the ventilators; but I just shivered all night. Real good soap this is; ain't it, now?"

You feel yourself blushing with guilty consciousness of that open window. But you brave it out silently.

"I wa'n't too cold," said the washbowl incumbent, meditatively holding her false teeth under the faucet, and changing them deftly from side to side, to wash them well. "But I'll tell you what did happen to me. In the middle o' the night I felt suthin' against my head, right on the very top o'nt. And what do you think it was? 'Twas the feet of the man in the next section to ou'rn! Well, sez I, this is more'n I can stand; and I give 'em such a push. I reckon he waked up, for I never felt 'em no more."

At this you fly. You cannot trust your face any longer.

"Got tired o' waitin'?" calls out No. 3. "You can have my turn, if you're in a hurry. We've got all day before us," and the three women chuckle drearily.

When you reach your cupboard, Frank, the handsome black porter, has already transformed your bed into two chairs. The bedding is all put away out of sight; and there, conspicuously awaiting you, stands the missing boot, on a chair. You are not proud of your boots. For good reasons you decided to wear them on this journey; but false shame wrings you as you wonder if everybody has seen how very shabby that shoe is.

The English gentleman is in the aisle, putting on his boots. The German frau is bustling about in a very demi-dress. Nobody seems to mind anybody; and, now that the thing is over with, you laugh to think how droll it all was. And so the day begins.

We are told that in the night we have passed over the Great American Desert—sixty square miles of alkali sand. This, then, on which we look out now, is not the desert. We had thought it must be. All we can see is sand, or sage-brush, or bunch-grass. Yet, it is not dreary. The tints are exquisite. "We shall not be weary of it if it lasts all day," we said. And it did last all day. All day long tints of gray and brown; sometimes rocky ravines, with low, dark growths on their sides; sometimes valleys, which the guide-book said were fertile, but which to us looked just as gray and brown as the plains. We passed a dozen or more small towns, all looking alike, all looking far more desolate than the silent plains. A wide and dusty space, like a plowed field, only hardened and flattened; rows or groups of small unpainted wooden houses, all trying to face the railway station, and most bearing big signs on their front of something to sell or to hire or to drink; not a tree, not a flower, not a protecting fence—that is the thing called town all along the road of the first day's journey westward from Ogden. But at sunset we came to something else. We had been climbing up. Snow-topped mountains were in sight all about us. The air was clear and cold. "Humboldt Station" was the name of the station to which we had been looking forward for some hours, simply because it meant "supper." But, when we stepped out of the cars, thoughts of supper fled. Four thousand feet above the sea, among alkali sands and stony volcanic beds, there stood a brilliant green oasis. Clover fields, young trees, and vegetable gardens surrounded the little house. In front was a fountain, which sparkled in the sun. Around it was a broad rim of grass and white clover. An iron railing enclosed it. It was a pathetic sight to see rough men, even men from the emigrant car, stretching their hands through the railing to pick a blade of grass or a clover-blossom. One great, burly fellow, lifted up his little girl, and, swinging her over the iron spikes, set her down in the grass, saying: "There! I'd like to see ye steppin' on green grass once more." It was a test of loyalty to green fields, and there were no traitors. We had not dreamed that we had grown so hungry for sight of true summer. Just as the train was about to start, I remembered a gentle-faced woman in our car who had not come out. I reached into the grassy rim, without looking, and picked a clover-leaf to carry her as token. I gave it to her, also, without having looked closely at it.

"And a four-leaved clover, too!" she exclaimed, as she took it.

It was the first four-leaved clover I ever found. I have spent hours enough to count up into weeks in searching for them. I took back my gift with a superstitious reverence for it, as omen of our journey, and also as a fitting memento of that bright, sweet oasis which patience had created in the desert, and named by the name of a good and great man.

Next morning we waked up in the Sierras. We were nearly six thousand feet above the sea. As far as we could see on either hand rose snowy tops of mountains. We were on them, below them, among them, all at once. Some were covered with pines and firs; some were glistening and bare. We looked down into ravines and gorges which were so deep they were black. Tops of firs, which we knew must be hundreds of feet high, seemed to make only a solid mossy bed below us. The sun shone brilliantly on the crests and upper slopes; now and then a sharp gleam of light showed a lake or a river far down among the dark and icy walls. It seemed almost as if these lights came from our train, as if we bore a gigantic lantern, which flashed its light in and out as we went winding and leaping from depth to depth, from peak to peak. I think nothing could happen in life which could make any human being who had looked out on this scene forget it. Presently we entered the snow-sheds. These were dreary, but could not wholly interrupt the grandeur. Fancy miles upon miles of covered bridge, with black and grimy snow-drifts, or else still blacker and grimier gutters of water, on each side the track (for the snow-sheds keep out only part of the snow); then the seams between the boards, sometimes through open spaces where boards have fallen, whirling glimpses of snow-drifts outside, of tops of trees, of tops of mountains, of bottoms of canyons—this is snow-shed traveling. And there are thirty-nine miles of it on the Central Pacific Railroad. It was like being borne along half blindfolded through the upper air. I felt as if I knew how the Sierras might look to eagles flying over in haste, with their eyes fixed on the sun.

"Breakfast in a snow-shed this morning, ladies," said Frank, our chamber-maid. True; the snow-shed branched off like a mining gallery widened, and took in the front of a little house, whose door was set wide open, and whose breakfast-bell was ringing as we jumped out of the cars. We walked up to the dining-room over icy rock. Through openings at each side, where the shed joined the house, we looked out upon fields of snow, and firs, and rocky peaks; but the sun shone like the sun of June, and we had not a sensation of chill. Could one be pardoned for remembering and saying that even at this supreme moment there was additional gladness from the fact that the trout also were warm, being on blazers? A good breakfast on blazers, in a snow-shed, seven thousand feet above the sea! But there was one man in the train (all honor to his line) who breakfasted on other fare than trout and canned apricots. Just as we were about to get off, I saw him come leaping into the snow-shed from a high snow-drift. He carried a big staff in his hand.

"Oh!" said I, "you have been off on the snow."

"Indeed, have I!" exclaimed he. "So far that I thought I should be left. And it 'bears' everywhere. I jumped on the 'crust' with all my weight."

Almost immediately we began to descend. In a few miles we had gone down three thousand feet, the brakes all the while holding us back, lest we should roll too fast. Flowers sprang up into sight, as if conjured by a miracle out of the ice; green spaces, too, and little ranches, with trees and shrubs around them. The great American Canyon seemed to open its arms, finding us bold enough to enter. Its walls are two thousand feet high, and are rifted by other canyons running down, each with its tiny silver thread of water, till they are lost in the shapes of fir-tops below. The mining villages looked gay as gardens. Every shanty had vines and shrubs and flowers about it. On all the hillsides were long, narrow wooden troughs, full of running water, like miniature canals, but swift, like brooks. One fancied that the water had a golden gleam in it, left from the precious gold it had washed. Still down, down, out of snow into bloom, out of winter into spring, so suddenly that the winter and the spring seemed equally unreal, and we half looked for summer's grain and autumn's vintage, station by station. Nothing could have seemed too soon, too startling. We doubled Cape Horn, in the sunny weather, as gayly as if we had been on a light-boat's deck; but we were sitting, standing, clinging on the steps and platforms of a heavy railroad train, whose track bent at a sharp angle around a rocky wall which rose up hundreds of feet straight in the air, and reached down hundreds of feet into the green valley beneath. A flaw in an inch of iron, and the train would be lying at the bottom of the wall, broken into fine bits. But, whirling around the perilous bend, one had only a sense of glee. After-thoughts give it another name.

We reached Colfax at noon of midsummer. According to all calendars, there had been months between our breakfast and our dinner. Men and boys ran up and down in the cars, offering us baskets of ripe strawberries and huge bunches of red, white, and pink roses. Gay placards, advertising circuses and concerts, were on the walls and fences of Colfax. Yellow stages stood ready to carry people over smooth, red roads, which were to be seen winding off in many ways. "Grass Valley," "You Bet," and "Little York" were three of the names. Summer, and slang, and history all beckoning.

Still down. The valleys widen to plains, the snow-topped mountains grow lower and dimmer and bluer, as they fall back into horizon lines. Our road runs through fields of grain and grass, wild oats wave almost up to the very rails, and the blue lupine and the yellow escholtzia make masses of solid blue and gold. The Sacramento Valley seems all astir with windmills, pumping up water for Sacramento vineyards. Sacramento is noisy—hacks, hotels, daily papers, and all. "Casa Svizera" on a dingy, tumble-down building catches our eye as we are hurrying out of the city; it seems to suit the vineyards into which we go. A strong, cold wind blows; it is from the western sea. We climb again. Low, curving hills, lapping and overlapping, and making soft hollows of shade, begin to rise on either hand. We wind in among them, through great spaces of yellow, waving blossom-escholtzia, yellow lupine, and mustard by the acre. It seems as if California's hidden gold had grown impatient of darkness, and burst up into flower! Twilight finds us in a labyrinth of low, bare hills. They are higher, though, than they look, as we discover when we enter sharp cuts and climb up canyons; but their outlines are indescribably soft and gentle. One thinks involuntarily of some of Beethoven's Agagios. The whole grand movement of the vast continent seems to have progressed with harmonies and successions akin to those of a symphony, and to end now with a few low, tender, gracious chords.

But the confusion of the Oaklands ferry-boat dissipates all such fancies. It seems an odd thing to cross over America—prairies, deserts, mountains—and then be ferried to the western edge of the continent, after all.

But only so can we come to the city of San Francisco—half an hour, at least, on a little steam-tug. It is dark, and it seems like any other steam-tug; but we have crossed the continent.

By our side in the jostling crowd are two brothers, searching for each other. They have not met for twenty years. How shall the boys (become men), know each other's faces? They do not! At last an accidental word, overheard, reveals them to each other.

I looked into the two faces. Singularly upright, sweet faces, both of them; faces that one would trust on sight, and love on knowledge. The brother that had journeyed from the East was my friend. The brother that stood waiting on the Western shore was his twin; but he looked at least twenty years the older man. There are spaces wider than lands can measure or the seas fill. This was the moment, after all, and this was the thing which will always live in my memory as significant of crossing a continent!

Art.

ART DOINGS AND UNDOINGS IN ITALY.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

If our artists who remain in America are as fortunate in their sales and commissions as those who elect to establish their studios in Florence or Rome, they are to be congratulated. Possibly our countrymen who come to Europe have their esthetic faculties aroused into momentary action, and indulge their esthetic tastes in the acquisition of objects which they view with indifference or do not regard at all, in the more prosaic atmosphere of their practical business lives at home. Be this as it may, it is fast becoming with our tourists the correct although dangerous thing to have a "taste." It sets them far very slightly in the direction of ancient art. The amateurs of old master-' furniture and "*cinque cento robes*" in general are few and far between; which is a very fortunate circumstance for those connoisseurs whose intelligence leads them to appreciate the best art periods of the past, and to cull for their collections, at comparatively small cost, in view of the prices paid for inferior work of our own day, the finest objects, esthetically considered, but which are depreciated in price because not in fashion with the great multitude of buyers. I have recently seen purchased by a connoisseur who knows a good thing when he see it, independent of its attribution, a large cartoon of the "Recording Angel," one of Correggio's noblest compositions of a single figure, made for a fresco in Parma, now half ruined, for a less sum than would be paid for the vilest copy of an old master or the meanest bit of modern painting. As a drawing, it is dare I say, finer than all in the great collections of London, Paris, or Florence, and one which in mingled grace, solemn dignity, power, and depth of idea is never likely to be excelled.

It can take its place beside Michael Angelo's prophets and sybils, or Raphael's noblest inspirations. Soon after, for a mere trifle, the same collection obtained two Lucca della Robbia bas-relief portraits of Victoria Colonna and the Marquis of Pescara, in fine preservation, surrounded, after the style of the period, with garlands of fruit and flowers, in full relief and natural color, of the same material as the profile heads. I mention these simply to illustrate the feasibility even now of acquiring valuable objects for our museums at moderate cost, if they are not permitted to pass into the possession of connoisseurs who will hold them thenceforward at their right value. Most of the purchases for European museums have been made from private collections which have established a reputation for the genuineness and intrinsic value of their contents. Many an article which has been declined at a very small price by the official agents of public galleries, from ignorance or indifference, and has subsequently fallen into the hands of a real connoisseur, has been bought later by these very same officers at a ten or a hundred-fold advance, simply because public opinion had risen to a correct appreciation of its merits. We have a noteworthy instance of this in the beautiful portrait by Antonello da Messina, now in the Louvre, bought at the Pourtales sale for *twenty-one thousand dollars*, but which the Count gave only one thousand dollars for not many years before, after it had been offered in vain in other quarters. Let us hope that our buyers for the national museums now in process of organization in Boston, New York, Washington, and other cities will have no such expensive errors of judgment to correct, but will know how to buy the right thing at the right moment and on its own merits.

But to return to our own artists. They are now reaping a golden harvest, and must no longer complain that their art does not flourish from lack of pecuniary stimulus. Story has recently sold two parlor statues of his "Semiramis," one to go to England and the other to America, for forty thousand francs each—eight thousand dollars in gold. As the actual cost of manufacturing such a statue does not exceed one thousand dollars, it is seen that the idea and modeling are very liberally compensated; or, indeed, far more than any corresponding literary or professional labors. The legislature of Massachusetts has recently voted thirty thousand dollars for two statues of prominent citizens, to be placed in the Capitol at Washington, which could be executed in Europe by the best sculptors to their satisfaction for half that sum. They actually produce much better public statues than the average of ours for about one-third the money. All that we pay more is virtually a premium given to encourage American genius. Let us hope that the results hereafter will show the wisdom of this national generosity or lavishness in some better shapes than the Clark Mills or Vinnie Ream sculpture, or the poor paintings which have gone into the Rotunda.

Rhinehart is a sculptor of fine fancy and pure taste. His work is appreciated by the intellectual amateurs; but is not likely to be admired as much by the masses as that of some of our more robust contractors for public monuments, which are executed very much as we turn out castings for machinery—great mechanical masses, inane or commonplace in idea, and with no constructive unity of form and purpose, but which strike the vulgar imagination as it were with a big blow. Just as a highwayman cries, Stand and deliver! these shout, Admire me! for am I not a soldier's monument, costing a "heap" of money, and made by a great name, which you will see duly placarded in my base? Even the hero of the, mob, Jim Fisk, is to have his virtues recorded in bronze and marble, for a great price, by one of our Phidiases of the hour. Next, doubtless, will come J. G. Bennett, in similar guise, to inspire our youth to imitate his example of success in life. The sculptor who would make us feel the real lesson of similar lives would, indeed, do good service to humanity.

Cheap statuary is becoming as common as cheap copies of gallery pictures. Americans have discovered that the principle, if good in painting, is equally good in marble. We have now business firms who do a thriving business in reproducing directly from the quarries at Carrara copies of all sizes of old or modern statuary at a tenth or twentieth the price of the originals, with such alterations as the fancy of the buyer may suggest. As one of these merchants naively said of our countrymen, there is a great future for marble in America. This traffic is not an unmitigated evil. It may possibly awaken in the minds that now rejoice in it a desire for better things. At all events, it is a homage paid the fine arts by the multitude for which the real artist may be grateful, as a step toward his better appreciation.

Among the painters in Italy who work well and make progress I would name Henry Newman, now in Venice. His water-colors are accurate, strong in color, and full of local feeling; so much so that he is kept very busy by commissions as well as sales. Of the true men—Ames, C. C. Coleman, Jedder—I can add that they are gaining rapidly in the estimation of connoisseurs of all nations. Their present sales and commissions would astonish those who have known them only during their long probationary struggle, with minds distracted by alternate hope and despair, with the fiend starvation ever grinning at them from behind their canvases. Mr. Graham, whose feeling for general effects of color is remarkable, has left Rome, to establish himself in San Francisco, his former residence.

Whatever may be the judgment passed by foreigners on the productions of our artists abroad, there is but one opinion in Italy as to their high character for integrity in their dealings with the natives. As a class, they have established for themselves—ever since the days of Alston, Horatio Greenough, Crawford, and other pioneers of the American school—an enviable reputation for honesty, considerate treatment, and kindly intercourse with all they come in contact in the course of their daily business. The more is the pity, therefore, that this charm, which has been so long attached to their profession in a nation, should have had a rude shock of late at Rome, in so conspicuous a manner as to attract general attention. Hitherto the credit of American artists and the confidence in their honor have been unshaken. Even after an interval of several years' waiting for his pay, I have known a tradesman to say: "The American I always trust—will pay me as soon as he is able." And the event justified his faith, although the debtor had then been away from Italy many years. It is, therefore, all the more regretable that anything should have occurred—and this, too, on not a small scale—as to be likely to change this state of affairs, and to place the artist hereafter, as to credit and his word, on the footing of ordinary travelers with the native population. An American abroad, especially if in any sense a public man, has not only his own honor to keep untarnished, but also that of his country, as a whole; and specifically, if an artist, to sustain a reputation which has been hitherto one that all Americans might rejoice in.

Education.

The next meeting of the National Educational Association, as we have already announced, will be held in Boston, Mass., August 6—8. The exercises will be held in the halls of the Lowell Institute and of the Institute of Technology. The organization of the Association is admirably arranged for accomplishing a great amount of work, while allowing each person to attend those exercises that are of most interest. The forenoon and evening of each day are given to the reading of papers before the "General Association," among which for this year are these: "Methods of Moral Instruction in Public Schools," by Rev. Dr. A. D. Mayo, Cincinnati; "The Coeducation of the Sexes in Higher Institutions," by President White, of Cornell University, (if other duties do not prevent his attendance); "Compulsory School Attendance," by Hon. Newton Bateman, superintendent of public instruction, Illinois; "The Educational Lessons of Statistics," by Hon. John Eaton, Ph. D., U. S. Commissioner of Education; "Drawing in the Public School," by Walter Smith, state director of art education, Massachusetts. For the afternoon sessions the Association resolves itself into the four "departments"—elementary, normal, superintendence, and higher—each being occupied with papers and discussions appropriate to its particular branch of the educational work. We have not space for a list of the topics to be presented; but it is safe to say that the meeting promises to be equal in interest to any that the Association has ever held.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

JUNE 20TH.

Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.—Graduating class, 36. D.D., Revs. S. H. Tyng, Jr., New York; C. M. Hyde, Haverhill, Mass.; Ephraim Flint, Hinsdale, Mass.; James A. Ludlow, New York. LL.D., Gen. James A. Garfield, Prof. W. R. Dimnock, Hon. B. G. Northrop, state superintendent of schools, Connecticut. The commencement season was rendered noteworthy by the formal resignation of President Hopkins, and the inauguration of his successor, President Chadbourne. A report of the alumni states the amount of funds at $307,649, exclusive of buildings and other real estate—an increase of $20,345 since last year. A new boarding-house, to cost $12,000, and designed to reduce the expense of living, so that board can be furnished to needy students at $2.50 per week, is to be opened in the fall.

Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington.—Graduating class, 6 (one a lady). M.A., in course, 6.

Highland University, Kansas.—Graduating class (the first), 2. A. M., honorary, Revs. S. Z. McAfee and D. Brown. D.D., Rev. W. P. Cochran, Palmyra, Mo.

Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio.—Graduating class, 15. M.A., in course, 7. M.A., *ad eundem*, 2.

Iowa Wesleyan University.—Graduating class: B.S., 7 (ladies); B.A., 10 (one a lady). There were also three graduates from the law school—one of them a lady, Mrs. B. A. Mansfield, who had already been admitted to the bar of Henry County, Iowa.

Hillsdale College, Michigan.—Graduating class, 23 (9 of them ladies).

Oliver College, Michigan.—B.A., 4. B.S., 1. Graduates of ladies' course, 2.

JUNE 26TH.

Columbian College, Washington, D. C.—Graduating class, 6. A. M., in course, 3. LL.D., Hon. Joseph Christian, of the Virginia Court of Appeals. D.D., Rev. A. J. Battle, president of Mercer University, Georgia.

Wheaton College, Illinois.—Graduating class, 5 (3 of them ladies). No honorary degrees.

Thayer College, Kansas, an institution under Congregational control, celebrated its first commencement by the inauguration of Rev. Dr. S. D. Cochran as president.

College of the City of New York.—B.A., 22. B.S., 16. M.A., 5.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.—B.A., 57. B.S., 12. M.A., 9. M.S., 8. Ph. B., 6. C.E., 11. M.E., 1. M.D., 9. Pharmaceutical Chemist, 5. LL.D., Benson J. Lossing, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

JUNE 27TH.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.—Graduating class 69. A. M., in course, 21. A. M., honorary, C. F. Choate, Cambridge, Mass.; Chas. Aiken, San Francisco, Cal.; L. W. Fling, Bristol, N. H.; M. C. Burleigh, Great Falls, N. H.; W. B. Towne, Milford, N. H.; Hiram Hitchcock, Hanover, N. H.; E. W. Fair, Littleton, N. H.; Jos. Burroughs, Plymouth, N. H. M. D., in course, 17. M. D., honorary, M. L. Mason, Sanbornton, N. H.; Caleb Pierce, Madrid, N. Y. Ph. D., Abner J. Phipps, Boston, Mass. D. D., Rev. P. M. Bartlett, president Maryville College, Tenn.; Rev. Thos. Adams, Winslow, Me.; Rev. S. J. Spaulding, Newburyport, Mass. LL. D., C. B. Goodrich, Boston, Mass.; Wm. P. Wheeler, Keene, N. H. Besides numerous smaller gifts, the college has received during the past year one of $10,000 from E. W. Stoughton, Esq., of New York, for the Medical School; one of $15,000 from the estate of the late Aaron Lawrence, of Amherst, N. H.; one of $20,000 from the late Prof. Woodman; and one of $60,000 for the agricultural department from an aged farmer, John Conant, of Jaffrey, N. H.

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.—Graduating class, 10. M. A., in course, 12.

Beaver Female College, Beaver, Pa.—Graduating class, 6.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.—B.A., 28. B.S., 3. LL.B., 9. Ph.D, 8. M.A., in course, 18. D.D., Revs. Wm. P. Lewis and Henry E. Dunean. LL.D., Joseph Thomas, M.D., the well-known editor of various dictionaries.

University of Chicago, Illinois.—A.B., 16. LL.B., 10. D.D., Rev. A. A. Kendrick, newly-elected president of Shurtleff College; Rev. Geo. B. Taylor, Staunton, Va. LL.D., Z. W. Haseltine, Esq., London, England. Mus.D., Geo. F. Root, Chicago.

Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa.—Graduating class 14. M.A., in course, 3.

Washington-Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.—Graduating class, 8.

Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.—Graduating class, 23, the largest in many years. M.A., in course, 7. M.A., honorary, Prof. J. P. McCaskey, Lancaster, Pa.; Prof. J. K. Gotwalt, Norristown, Pa.; Geo. F. Baer, Reading, Pa. D.D., Rev. A. H. Kromer, Lancaster, Pa.; Rev. Chas. F. McCauley, Reading, Pa.; Rev. J. O. Miller, York, Pa.; Rev. Prof. Herman Rust, Theological Seminary, Tiffin, O.

Wabash College, Indiana.—B.A., 6. B.S., 3. LL.D., James Gookins, Chicago, Ill.; D. P. Baldwin, Logansport, Ind. D.D., Prof. Evans, Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati.

Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.—Graduating class, 18. A. M., in course, 18. A. M., honorary, A. Z. Hartman and T. S. Slicer. Ph. D., honorary, Prof. J. M. Leonard. D.D., Revs. F. Bottome, New York, and J. Franz, Baltimore, Md. LL.D., Bishop T. L. Bowman. D.C.L., Dr. Dashiell formally resigned the presidency; and Rev. Dr. McCauley, of Washington City, was elected to fill the vacancy.

JUNE 28TH.

Western University, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Graduating class, 14. A. M., in course, 5. D.D., Rev. Augustus Broadhead, missionary in India.

JUNE 29TH.

South Carolina State University, Columbia.—B. A., 3. M. D., 6. LL.B., 6.

JULY 5D.

University of Rochester, N. Y.—Graduating class, 19. A. M., in course, 8. A. B. and A. M., honorary, Marcus E. Cummings, Albany, N. Y. D.D., Revs. J. B. Brackett, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Geo. W. Clark, Ballston, N. Y.; A. J. Sage, Hartford, Conn.; J. L. M. Curry, Richmond, Va. During the past year $100,000 has been added to the general fund of the University, in five donations of $20,000 each, from the following: John B. Trevor, James B. Colgate, William Kelly and family, Charles Pratt, Joseph B. Hoyt.

JULY 10TH.

Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin.—Thirteen young men received the degree of A. B. and seven that of A. M. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on Hon. C. C. Washburn, governor of Wisconsin.

JULY 11TH.

St. Stephen's College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Graduating class, 6.

JULY 18TH.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.—Graduating class, 27. A. M., in course, 25. A. M., honorary, Revs. Daniel Richards, John Dickinson, Nathan A. Daboll, Andrew E. Warner. A. M., *ad eundem*, Joseph Eastman, Dartmouth. D. D., Rev. J. W. Beach. J. K. Burr, D. Sherman, M. J. Talbot, C. F. Deems, and Prof. W. Doolittle, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill.—Graduated 10 ladies and 2 gentlemen, and conferred M. A. honorary on Revs. B. F. Rogers, Wisconsin; R. H. Pullman, Peoria, Ill.; Gamaliel Collins, chaplain U. S. Army, Fort Hayes, Kansas; and S. A. Briggs, Esq., Chicago, Ill. D. D., Wm. E. Manley, Auburn, N. Y.

Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio.—Graduating class, 19.

Iowa State University, Iowa City.—B. A., 20. LL.B., 41. Normal graduates, 17.

Ohio Wesleyan University.—Graduating class, 47.

The following degrees, in addition to those previously noted, were conferred at the recent commencements:

Harvard.—B. A., out of course, 3. B. Theol., 4. B. L., 40. B. L., out of course, 4. M. D., 58. M. D., honorary, Thomas H. Chandler. B. S., 1. Dr. of Dentistry, 15. M. A., in course, 18. M. A., out of course, 60.

Brown.—A. M., honorary, David W. Hoyt, Providence, R. I.; Charles W. Green, Philadelphia; George F. Wilson, East Providence, R. I.

Hamilton.—A. M., honorary, Daniel E. Whitmore, Herman C. DeGroot. D.D., Rev. Wm. W. Williams, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. Josiah A. Priest, Quincy, Ill.; Rev. John Jones, Geneseo, N. Y. LL.D., Hon. E. W. Leavenworth, Syracuse, N. Y.

Pennsylvania, Gettysburg. — Ph. D., Prof. Cyrus Thomas, of the Illinois Geological Survey.

Bowdoin.—LL.D., James W. Bradbury, E. E. Bourne.

William Jewell College.—D.D., Rev. C. H. Manly, president Murfreesboro (Tenn.) University. LL.D., Prof. F. T. Fristoi, Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

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Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Ashley, A. F., Presb., inst., June 19th, at La Prairie and Horeb, Ill.

Benedict, Edwin, Presb., inst., June 26th, in Second church, Genoa, N. Y.

Birdsall, Elias, Epis., of Stockton, of St. John's church, San Francisco, Cal.

Braddock, W. L., Epis., Union, Monroe Co., W. Va.

Chambers, A. S., John, Univ., inst., July 2d, at Franklin, Mass.

Clymer, J. F., Meth. Epis., of Smyrna, Del., at Pittsfield, Mass.

Colby, N. L., Bapt., of Newton Seminary, ord., July 3d, at North Billerica, Mass.

Cummings, H., Cong., of Dutch Flat, at Georgetown, Eldorado County, Cal.

French, J. M., United Presb., ord., June 27th, at North Henderson, Ill.

Gardner, E. C., Epis., of East Haddam, Conn., at St. John's church, Bangor, Me.

Gee, O. Virginius, Epis., at St. Paul's church, Navasota, Texas.

Gibson, Robt., Epis., Richmond, Va., after September.

Group, V., Presb., ord., July 11th, Mariners' church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hundley, Alex. Y., Epis., Halifax Co., Va.

Jones, Ed. V., Epis., Huntington, W. Va.

King, S. D., Bapt., inst., July 3d, at Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Knott, J. W., Presb., of Joliet, Ill., to Lodi, Wis.

Lee, John W., Epis., Wickliffe parish, Clarke Co., Va.

McDonough, A., Epis., Princess Anne Co., Va.

Ormond, Marcus, United Presb., inst., June 11th, at West Alexander, Pa.

Page, C. R., Epis., Ravenswood, W. Va.

Radcliffe, Wallace, Presb., inst., June 28th, First church, Reading, Pa.

Rose, Arthur, Presb., inst., May 30th, at Princeville, Ill.

Rowland, A. J., Bapt., ord., at Old Tenth church, New York, July 13th.

Steinfort, Charles, Morav., ord., July 7th, at Bethlehem, Pa.

Sunderland, J. T., of old a Baptist in Milwaukee, Wis., the Unitarian Church of Our Father, in Boston, Mass.

Vroom, William H., Presb., inst., June 23d, at La Cyone, Kan.

Weeks, T. J., Presb., ord., May 19th, at Olympia, Washington Territory.

Wilson, S. T., D.D., Presb., inst., June 26th, at Birmingham, Pa.

Wroth, P., Jr., Epis., Matthews Co., Va.

Wylie, William, elected assistant pastor to Rev. Jno. N. McLeod, M. D., First Reformed church, New York.

CALLS.

Abbott, L. A., Bapt., of Rochester, Minn., to La Crosse, Wis.

Bishop, G. Livingston, Epis., to Hestonville, Pa.

Brackett, Gilbert R., Southern Presb., to Second church, Charleston, S. C.

Bradley, Edward, Epis., of Franklin, Tenn., to Nashville.

Breckenridge, D. M., Cong., of Clinton, to Darlington, Wis.

Briggs, T. P., Bapt., of Stoneham, Mass., to Sheldonville, Mass.

Brown, George L., Southern Presb., to Warm Springs, Va.

Butler, Edward P., Cong., of Hartford Seminary, to Frankfort, Me.

Calkins, Lyman D., Presb., of Muncy, Pa. to North church, Washington, D. C.

Clark, J. L., United Presb., of Perth Center, N. Y., to Indianapolis, Ind.

Crane, J. L., Cong., to New Baltimore, Mich.

Crane, Mr., Cong., of Rochester, to Hartland, Mich.

Crittenden, Sumner N., Presb., to Hudson, Mich.

Cullen, Thomas H., Epis., of Morris, N. Y., to Tioga, Pa.

Davidson, William T., Epis., of Conshohocken, Pa., to Marietta, Pa.

Eddy, D. R., Presb., of Illinois, to Flint, Mich.

Egbert, W. T., Epis., of Wainwright Memorial church, New York.

Fielding, Joseph P., Bapt., of Rochester Seminary, to Franklin, N. H.

Fuller, E. Q., Meth., to Lloyd-street church, Atlanta, Ga.

Gardner, E. P., Presb., of Hoboken, N. J., to Woodland-avenue church, Cleveland, O.

Garner, E. W., Presb., of Waupaca, Wis., to Escamba, Mich.

Geer, D. L., Cong., of Cambridgeboro', Pa., to Garretsville, O.

Goodrich, E. P., Presb., of St. Charles, Mich., to Decatur, Mich.

Greene, R. G., Cong., of Springfield, Mass., to Baltimore, Md.

Guild, H. A., Bapt., of Fremont, Neb., to Carrollton, Ill.

Hall, S. R., D.D., Cong., of Brownington, Vt., to Evansville, Vt.

Hamblin, J., Bapt., of Abington, Mass., to Winchendon, Mass.

Hill, C. J., Cong., of Whitehall, N. Y., to Ausonia, Ct.

Hitchcock, Horace, Epis., of Stillwater, Minn., to Wabasha, Minn.

Jones, J. M., Cong., of Bristol, O., to Mesopotamia, O.

Jones, J. S., Presb., of Wyoming, Ia., to Floyd, Ia.

Lane, T. F., Epis., of Sodus, N. Y., to Brockport, N. Y.

Lightipe, L. H., Epis., to Pemberton and Vincentown, Pa.

Lorimer, W., United Presb., of Stanwood, Ia., to Olena, Ill.

Ludd, George T., Cong., to Spring-street church, Milwaukee, Wis.

Macomber, Mr., Bapt., of Maine, to Sterling, Mass.

Markham, R. F., Cong., of Wayne, O., to Gustavus, O.

Martin, N., Bapt., of Attica, Ind., to Nonpareil, O.

Matthews, James A., Epis., of Fenton, Tenn., to Memphis, Tenn.

Merritt, W. E., Cong., to Atlanta, Cal.

Montgomery, A. A., D.D., Bapt., of East Tennessee, to Lynchburg, Va.

McCurdy, James F., Presb., of Princeton Seminary, to Kingston, Ill.

McGill, John, Epis., to Centerville, Fairfax Co., Va.

Ockford, Thomas S., Epis., of Brownville, N. Y., to Central Village, Ct.

Parry, William M., Cong., of Notting ham, Eng., to Old South church, Worcester, Mass.

Pastorius, Henry E., Epis., of Philadelphia, to be colleague in Gulon church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pitman, J. B., Epis., of Swanton, Vt., to Malone, N. Y.

Sloss, Robert, Presb., of Indianapolis, to Fourteenth-street church, N. Y.

Spaulding, C. N., Epis., of Milwaukee Wis., to New Brighton, Pa.

Stewart, W. C., Cong., of Seneca, Kan., to Unionville, Cal.

Stiffer, W. H., Bapt., of Pana, Ill., to Cedar Falls, Ia.

Stimson, L. D., Epis., of Brookfield, Ct. to Lafayette, Ind.

Swind, Joseph, Presb., to Clinton, Mich.

Van Hyning, Conrad H., Epis., of Hazleton, Pa., to Sunbury, Pa.

Vogler, William H., Morav., to Fourth church, Philadelphia.

Wing, John, Presb., to Dunlop, Ill.

Woodward, Charles, Epis., of chaplaincy in Andalusia College.

REMOVALS.

Baker, E. K., Luth., of De Soto, Ill.

Bruce, D. G., United Presb., of Lower Providence, Pa.

Campbell, Mr., Unit., of Bernardston, Mass.

Clark, Carter, Cong., of Great Falls, N. H.

Cummings, L. P., Presb., of Manhattan church, New York.

Doolittle, H. D., Bapt., of Somerville, N. J.

Eaton, J., Cong., of Derby, Vt.

Gerwicks, C. C., Luth., of Princeton church, Ind.

Hatch, R., Cong., of Traverse, Mich.

Hitchings, H. B., Epis., of St. John's church, Bangor, Maine.

Hobbs, S. H., of Erving, Mass.

Lamson, ——, William C., Epis., of Paris, France.

Moore, H. D., Cong., of Vine-street church, Cincinnati, O.

Moore, Henry D., Cong., of Vine-street, Cincinnati, O.

McCulloch, Mr., Univ., of Nashua, N. H., to presidency of Buchtel College, Akron, O.

Pratt, J. E., Epis., of Christ church, Agnonia, Conn.

Stone, J. P., Cong., of Danby, Vt.

Tandy, L., Bapt., of Mariahpee, Mass.

Triest, Louis, of Reformed German church, Memphis, Tenn.

Underwood, H. B., Cong., of Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.

Underwood, J., Cong., of East Burke, Vt.

Wheeler, J. E., Cong., of Gardner, Mass. Vt.

Willis, John, Bapt., of Shiloh. Present address 1013 Rodman street, Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

Adams, N. Dennett, Meth., 47, of Milton, N. H., May 1st.

Dempsey, A. C., Bapt., the oldest minister in Virginia.

Hill, William A., Bapt., of Dry Grove, Miss., June 15th.

Jones, Jonathan, Meth., 84, of South Reading, Vt., April 27th.

Nutter, Henry, Meth., 61, of South Newmarket, N. H., June 15th.

Stirewalt, J. L., Luth., of New Germantown, O., June 16th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beecher, Henry Ward, Cong., will celebrate his silver wedding and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate over Plymouth church on the 10th of October next.

Brew, Thomas, Cong., of Shepton Mallet, Eng., has come with a colony to Wytlesburg, Va.

Gaines, A. G., Univ., is elected professor and provisional president in St. Lawrence University.

McCauley, J. A., Meth., of Washington, is elected president of Dickinson College, Pa.

Pebbles.

Admith had written that
f the "Hermit"—
range the valley free
I condemn
Power that pities me.
y them"—
to (the future) Mrs. Gold
d to have suggested the fol-
ect:
t range the valley free
r I condemn:
kill the asses for our
breast of those."

, the celebrated surgeon,
ile of paving-stones opposite
returning home one after-
rriage, swore hastily to the
ired him to remove them.
take them to?" asked the
o Hell!" cried the choleric
aned upon his manner, and
o in his face, said, with an
dn't I better take them to
they'd be more out of you.

duate of Williams, after having horse team over the plains
e to San Francisco, and dug
the various diggings, carry
shovel on his shoulder from
and almost always with poor
e, as he trudged along one
ske," wet, weary, and way-
s a destiny that shapes our
r them as we will."

nge says: "A clock is a Ne
s been seized by the work-
it has not struck for eight

burg, Va., the temperature is
effect upon paper collars. It
st "three-collar heat."

mer style for the Sandwich
nounced. It is a red string
g just above the knee.

in editor refuses to support
ground that it is as much as
pport himself.

nativity has at last been dis-
ras, according to Darwin, a

olmes says that humility is the
ues—for other people.

Our Young Folks.

THE GIPSEY QUEEN.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

Olive browed, gipsey eyed, dear, little minx,
Singing her version of "Captain Jinks,"
And making him rhyme to horse *marinks*,
And feed his horse upon corn and *blinks*—
Labor quite worthy of Captain Jinks—
So little brown Betty's fond mamma thinks.
Isn't it comical, Tot-a-links?

Little brown Betty is merry and gay—
Warbling and prattling the live long day,
Tossing the swathes of the newly-mown hay,
Romping so blithely with faithful old Tray,
Playing at hide-and-seek—this is the way
Our little queen wiles the summer away.
Isn't she happy, the dear little fay?

"Little brown Betty! Whose darling is she?
Where does she live, and who knows her, but me?"
Butterfly, Katydid, Cricket, and Bee,
Each one rejoices this lassie to see.
Wild flowers, waving on valley or lea,
Smile on brown Betty, so gladsome and free.

Robin and Phœbebird, Linnet and Dove,
Whistling and warbling, and cooing "I love,"
Call from their nests in the branches above:
"Little brown Betty, in woodland or grove,
Searching their depths for some sweet treasure-trove.
Where are you hiding, oh! where do you rove?
Queen of the dingle, we love you, we love."

Here she comes, tossing her black, glossy curls,
Rosy lips parted o'er delicate pearls.
See how her flag of bright leaves she unfurls,
Pennon of corn-silk above her she twirls.
Spies the swift brooklet, whose clear water swirls,

Into its eddy a pebble she hurls.
Babbles the brook to this queen among girls;
"I love you, sweet queen of the four-year-old girls."

When shadows lengthen o'er meadow and green,
Little brown Betty grows weary, I ween;
Such dreary intervals happen between
The staves of that Captain of Horse Marine,
While the poor old horse gets never a bean.
Pennons are trailing; all this doth mean
That tired and sleepy is baby queen—
Little brown Betty, sweet gipsey queen.

THE BEST CHINA SAUCER.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

This is a story with a moral; but I will not excite your curiosity by making you wait until you come to the end. It is: Mind your mother. That is, unless you are perfectly sure she is a wicked and foolish woman, and that you are always the more sensible of the two.

My friend, Miss Nelly Willis, was a little late at breakfast one morning; and, as she took her seat, she found the rest of the family were talking over their plans for the day. Papa was going to his business, and Tom to school in the city, as usual. Mamma was going to do some shopping and make some calls, and said she should not be home until night. And Maggie, Nelly's older sister, was to spend the day with a friend.

"And we shall leave the little girl all alone," said Mrs. Willis to Nelly. "And what does she mean to do? I wish there was some child near for you to play with."

"Mamma, dear," said Nelly, "just this once, couldn't I have Jane Simmons for a little while? I'll not let her go in the house; and we will not go out of sight, or do a bit of mischief, or carry out the best playthings. I don't see what makes the Duncans stay away so long; I do miss Grace and Georgie so."

"I wonder why you ask me, when you know what I have told you so many times. She is a very naughty girl, and alway teaches you bad words and bad manners and tries to make you disobey me. I will tell you what I am going to do, though I meant it for a surprise. I shall ask Alice Russell's mother to let me bring her out with me to-night to make you a little visit." (Alice was a very dear friend of Nelly's.) "Now I think you had better put the play-room all in order, because you will wish to stay there to-morrow, and Alice is very orderly. I shall not be worried about you, for I am sure you mean to be good while I am gone."

Just then the carriage came round to the door, and there was great scurrying and running up and down stairs, and in a few minutes all four were gone, and Miss Nelly left to her own devices in the big house. She went back to the breakfast-table, and had another saucerful of oatmeal porridge, with a great deal of syrup on it; and then watched Ann while she cleared away the table and washed the china and silver, and then pulled down the curtains, and took the canaries and the parrot and hung their cages out on the piazza in the shade. Then Nelly went up to the play-room; and, unfortunately, it was in much better order than usual, and she did not find much to do. She had been dressmaking the day before, and had left her work scattered on the floor by one of the windows; but it does not take long to roll up pieces of cloth and put them in one of the dolls' trunks. Some she carried out to the rag-bag; and then went out and brought them back, thinking she might wish some time to alter the blue overskirt she had been making for Dora Mary. She dressed all the dolls in their best clothes, because some of Alice's family were expected; and they were dolls who thought altogether too much of dress, and caused their mother and her friends much care and trouble.

All this did not take long; and Nelly sat down by the window, and wondered what she should do next. She had some worsted work which she was much interested in; but she had used up all the worsted, and Maggie was to buy more for her in town that day. She called to Susan, who was making the bed in Maggie's room, to know if she wouldn't tell her a story. But Susan said: "Bless you, dear! I can't stop in the middle of the morning to tell stories. I promised to hurry with my work, so as to help Nancy—she's dreadful busy; but I'm coming up by and by to sew, and perhaps I'll think of a story then."

Nelly was disappointed, and looked out of the window, and drummed with her feet against the chair. Anything was better than sitting there; and she went to the dolls' house and took Amelia, who had a very fair complexion and light hair, and looked sad, so Nelly always said she was ill. Poor thing! she had to take quantities of medicine, and go without her dinner, and stay in bed half her time. When she sat up, it was always in an easy-chair, with pillows behind her and one of the largest dolls' blankets wrapped round her; and when she went out she was bundled up with shawls until she was half stifled, and the air did her no good.

"I think I will carry you out a little while, dear," said the anxious mother. And poor Amelia was dressed warmer than usual, just to occupy the time. She even had to wear a thick blue-and-white worsted scarf round her head and face. They walked up and down the garden-walks; but it was very stupid. And now, oh, unhappy chance! as they were down by the carriage-gate, hunting in the hedge for a bird's nest which Tom had said was there, who should they see coming up the street but the Simmons girl. Nelly was delighted, and thought: "I'll call her in for just a little while, and then I can go in the house and leave her. She doesn't dare to come near the house." Then she remembered what her mother said that morning, and, with a great effort, turned and walked away up the avenue. She had not gone far, when she heard the little side gate open, and looked back. Jane was really coming in, and her small brother with her. Jane looked unusually dirty that morning and very wicked. She wore a remarkable figured delaine and carried her mother's best parasol. The brother, who was never called anything but the Baby, was unbecomingly dressed in an old shawl, folded as small as possible, which yet trailed some inches upon the ground, with a few burdock-burrs in the fringe, and a cast-off shaker-bonnet of Jane's, which had a break in the top of it, through which a tuft of his hair showed itself and waved in the breeze. He was cross-eyed, and had the dirtiest face you ever saw. It always seemed to be the same dirt. When he cried, which was often, the tears did not carry any of it away; but only banked it up on each side. Nelly hated the Baby. "What made her play with such people?" Oh, I don't know. I used to myself; but I have forgotten the reason.

In her heart to-day Nelly was glad to see Jane; but she thought best not to appear so, out of regard to her mother, and, besides, Miss Simmons, of all people, was most apt to take advantage of you.

"You're p'lite, ain't you?" said Jane, derisively; "see'd me coming and turned yer back. I saw all your folks a-riding off together to town awhile ago, and I thought I'd step over and see you."

Nelly always tried to be polite, and this accusation was not without effect. "What will she say if I tell her to go home," thought our friend. "Mamma never tells her company to go home even if she doesn't like them": and here came a thought of how sorry she had been after the last time Jane came, and what sad mischances there had been. "But perhaps I had better keep her a little while, and be pleasant to her; and then tell her that I am never going to play with her any more. I don't know how to make her go home, either." "I don't see what made you bring the Baby, though," said she, aloud.

"Oh, dear!" said Jane, "I have to lug him everywhere! Long as he couldn't talk I wasn't bothered with him; for, if worst came to worst, I used to tie him to the lilac bushes and clear out, and only be sure to get back and onhitch him before Mother came. But now he goes and tells everything. But he's real good to-day, and you needn't mind him. Going to play dolls, aren't you?"

"No. I'd rather do something else. I just finished clearing up the play-room; and if I bring the dolls out I shall have to dress them, and pull all the things out of the boxes, and have it to do all over again. I wouldn't mind if we were going to play in the house. I'm going to have company to-night."

"Well, ain't you got company now? You didn't use to be so 'fraid of your old dolls. I thought we would have a real nice party; and I've brought something splendid in my pocket, that my aunt gave me last night, and I've been saving it."

"Poor thing," thought Nelly. "Now it would be so cross in me not to let her have a good time. She's real pleasant, and perhaps she is trying to be good since I gave her that scolding the day she threw stones at me." "Here, you take care of Amelia, and I'll run in and get the tea-set and one or two dolls. Amelia's my sick child, you know, and you must be careful of her."

"Yes'n," said Miss Simmons, meekly. And as soon as Nelly was in the house she examined poor Amelia's clothes, and robbed her of her flannel petticoat, which was carefully embroidered and quite new. When Nelly found it out the doll was immediately taken very ill, and did not sit up for half the summer. One of the rooms in the baby-house was darkened, and all the dolls took turns in watching with her for a time.

Our friend soon appeared, carrying the tea-set box and tea-table, and a doll under each arm. "Here's the table-cloth in my pocket," said she; "and I saw an orange and brought it. There's sugar in the sugar-bowl, and we can slice it up. It shall be your party, and you are Mrs. Simmons, and must sit at the head of the table; and I am Mrs. Willis, come to spend the day with you.

This pleased Jane, and she was good-natured as possible; and they set the table, while the baby, who had taken off his shaker, sat peaceably on the ground, and poked up ant-hills with a little stick.

"Now," said Mrs. Simmons, "let's see what you have in your pocket."

"I!" said Nelly, with surprise. "Why, I brought out nothing but the orange. It's your party, you know, and I thought you had your pocket full of something your aunt gave you."

"Well, so I have," said Jane; "but I guess I'm not going to let you eat it all up."

"I'm not a bit hungry," answered Mrs. Willis. "I had a splendid breakfast, and some cake since. I don't want any of your candy, or whatever it is. Mamma will bring me some from town."

Mrs. Simmons was very angry. Her breakfast had been the reverse of "splendid," and she had quite counted on Nelly's bringing out a quantity of good things, as she always had before. "I'm not hungry, either," said she, in a tone which made Nelly sure that she was.

"Oh!" thought our friend, "now she is going to act and be cross! I wish I had thought to hide when I saw her coming. I must bring out something to eat, or she will stay all the morning and teaze me." And off she went to the house, Mrs. Simmons telling her to look for some cake with sugar on it.

Poor Nelly hunted in the sideboard and china-closet, and could find no cake; and Nancy told her there was not a bit in the house. Mrs. Willis was to bring some out from the city. "You're not hungry again so quick as this?" said Ann, who came through the dining-room just then. Nelly did not dare to tell them that a party was going on, and who the guests were; but, after some search, she carried out some macaroons and some pudding, which she couldn't eat the night before on account of a headache, and was saving for her lunch that day. "It's too bad to let her gobble this all up," thought Nelly. "I've a great mind to tell Nancy to go out and send her home"; and all the time she was hurrying, so Nancy would not call her back or follow her. Foolish child! Mrs. Simmons looked as good-natured as possible when Nelly appeared; and, while they arranged the table, she told of a shop she was going to open in her woodshed the next week, with sweetened water, and windmills, and darts, and all sorts of delightful and useless things made of paper, and our friend was much interested, and promised to go down and see it. "Pins are nothing," thought she, "and I can carry down a whole paper, and buy everything she has." And Jane was so pleasant, and seemed to enjoy the orange and macaroons so much, that Nelly's heart was warmed toward her. "Poor thing! she never has had any chance to be good, I suppose; she doesn't know any people but bad ones. I'll tell her by and by how naughty it is to swear and throw stones; and perhaps she will be better." But, sad to say, Mrs. Simmons happened to lean over the table, and Nelly's eyes saw a most shocking and heathenish decoration. "Oh, Jane! what have you been doing to those poor things? You horrid girl!"

"Want me to string you some?" said Mrs. Simmons, with a grin. "I did every bit of this this morning, before I came over. I'll bring you one that will go round your neck twice to-morrow, if you will give me two cents."

It was a necklace of flies, on a long piece of white thread, to which the needle still was hanging, for further use. Oh! those dozens of poor flies! Some had departed this life, but others faintly buzzed.

"Jane," said Nelly, "you may eat all you want, and then you go right home; and I never shall want to play with you any more. How could you be so awful. Hurry up, or I shall call Nancy."

"I couldn't stay much longer anyway, thank you. I guess there are flies enough left. You needn't make such a fuss."

Our friend sat down on the grass in the shade of the hedge, and Jane ate all the pudding, which was the only thing left, as fast as she could; while Nelly wished every spoonful might choke her. The Baby had not been satisfied with his share; and, as she laid the best china saucer down, he snatched it, and also the lovely little cream-pitcher of the tea-set, and ran away with them.

"Oh! stop him!" cried Nelly, and Jane jumped, and (how can I tell it?) stepped on his shawl. The Baby fell down, and rolled over and over on the gravel, and the best china saucer and the cream-pitcher were both broken.

"What *will* Mamma say?" said Nelly. "Oh! Jane, it is one of the very best saucers, that she likes so much; and I heard her tell Mrs. Duncan, the other day, that they couldn't be matched, for she had tried."

If Jane had been at all sorry, Nelly would have considered her only as her companion in misfortune; but, instead of sympathy, she seemed greatly amused, and said something provoking. And Nelly shouted at the top of her voice for Thomas, forgetting that he had gone to buy Maggie's saddle-horse a pair of new shoes at the blacksmith's. Jane, for a wonder, was a little frightened, and, seizing the Baby's hand, hurried home. She expected a messenger from Mrs. Willis for several days, and kept watch of the street all the next day, all ready to climb the fence behind the house and run. But poor Nelly was very miserable. She gathered up the bits of china carefully, and put them in her pocket; and then sat down and cried a little, for it was such a dear cream-pitcher, with a blue and gold flower on each side and a slender black handle.

There was nobody in the garden, and nobody saw her. It was very lonely. The dolls, in their best dresses, sat around the tea-table; and Nelly was almost provoked with them for looking just as the same as they always did, and sitting up so straight and consequential, when such a terrible thing had happened. Amelia, who was mourning the loss of her new petticoat, seemed quite sympathizing. The table-cloth waved cheerfully in the wind, and some bright leaves from a red rose-bush near by came fluttering through the air, and a few lodged on the table among the tiny china-dishes.

Just now Nelly happened to see the baby's shaker bonnet lying on the grass at a little distance; and she jumped up, and, taking it by the very end of one string, ran to the gate with it and threw it as hard as she could out in the street. And when she went back she tucked the dolls under one arm and the table under the other and marched into the house. She put the pieces of china down under some stockings, at the back of one of her bureau drawers; and then, discovering that two dolls had been taken ill with scarlet fever in her absence, with having to sit up nights with them and having long conversations with a tea-poy, who always served as doctor, and after they were getting better letting their friends come to call, the morning went very fast and it was soon dinner time. After that Susan told the promised story; and her mother came home earlier than she expected her, bringing Alice Russell. It was naughty of Nelly; but she did not tell her mother what had happened, and all the evening she was miserable whenever any one went upstairs, for fear they should go to the drawer. However, she and Alice had a very good time that evening, and sat at the table while the older people had dinner, instead of having tea by themselves, as usual. Miss Maggie had brought home a young lady friend, to spend the night with her, who was very bright and funny; and she sang, and played for the children to dance in the evening.

"Has Nelly been a good girl, to-day?" said Mrs. Willis to Susan.

"Indeed, yes, ma'am," said Susan. "As good as a kitten, playing with her little baby things in the garden; and I told her some stories since dinner as I sat at my sewing."

And Mrs. Willis smiled at Nelly, which made her feel quite like crying.

She and Alice had not seen each other for some time, and had a great deal to talk about; so it was late before they were quiet. Alice went to sleep first; and Nelly laid awake awhile, so worried about what had happened. What would her mother say? And how sorry and grieved she would be to find her little girl had done just what she asked her not to before she went away. And then she wondered why she had wished to play with the Simmons girl, and remembered the fly necklace; and after a long while she went to sleep. She had a sad dream, and it was also a very odd one; and I must tell it to you.

She dreamed that she heard a great rattling and chinking out in the hall, and got up to look out and see what the matter was, and noticed on the way that the lower bureau drawer was open. The moon was shining in very bright through the large windows, and Nelly saw the funeral procession of the best china saucer.

It was plain that he had been a great favorite in the china closet, for there was a very large attendance. Even the great punch-bowl had come from off the sideboard, and that was a great honor. The silver was always locked up at night; but one teaspoon was there, which Nelly had used in giving the dolls medicine. The dead saucer was in a little black Japanese tray, carried by the cruets from the castor; and next came the cup, the poor, lonely widow. It is not the fashion for china to wear mourning; and she was dressed as usual, in white, with brilliant pictures of small Chinese houses and tall men and women. After her came the rest of the near relations, walking two and two; and after them the punch-bowl, looking large and grand. It was a large and elegant company, and reached from Nelly's door way along the hall to the edge of the stairs.

"How will that clumsy punch-bowl go down without cracking himself!" thought our friend, and wondered what they were waiting for.

But in a few moments the play-room door opened, and out came the poor, sad little dolls' tea-set. The teapots first, and then the sugar-bowl, and the cups and saucers, and the plates—all walking two and two—and then the little glass tumblers. It was remarkable that the cream-pitcher was the first of the family who had been broken; but Nelly had been very careful. There was one little plate badly cracked; and how dreadful if it should fall down the stairs and die on the way.

It worried her exceedingly, the thought of this, as foolish things do worry us in dreams. And next she thought, what if some of the other china should also fall, or if one of the heavy tureens at the end should trip and fall down among the rest; and, not daring to watch any longer, when the dolls' tea-set came up, and the whole procession began to move, she rushed back to bed, and opened her eyes, to find that, instead of moolight, it was morning. And Susan had come in to wake Alice and herself and help them dress. Nelly did not wait until Alice had gone away before she told her mother, as she had said to herself she would the night before.

This was the end of her playing with the Simmonses, for they moved away the next week; and the Duncans came back, and Nelly was no longer solitary. But Jane had known some new exciting games, and Nelly knew every one of the Duncan children did. It was a great disappointment not to have seen Jane's shop, and go to buy the paper playthings. I am not sure that her resolution never to speak to Jane again would have held out; but still Nelly is a young woman of her word.

"I wonder," thought she, one day, "what it was Jane had in her pocket that her aunt gave her. Most likely it was chewing-gum, the horrid thing!"

The Sunday-school.

Next Sunday's lesson opens with Paul's appeal to the Roman Christians: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Most men are ready to pray, in the words of Stephen—if not with his faith—when dying: "Lord Jesus, receive my *spirit*." Not so many are willing to serve God while still in the flesh. So long as they have control of their bodies, most men wish to use them for their personal gratification. Only when they must leave their *bodies* behind, and go before God in *spirit*, have they any thought of presenting themselves as an offering to him to whom they owe everything. It is in view of this evil habit that Paul seems to speak. He asks that those who count themselves as Christ's, expecting to be saved by him, shall surrender themselves to him while they have both bodies and spirits. This he naturally thinks is but a "reasonable service." It is an insult to God to offer him only the spirit when the body can no longer be used for sin. The tender of the body as "a living sacrifice"; to his service is "acceptable unto God." We should not merely worship God with the Spirit in "spirit and in truth," but we should consider "the body for the Lord and the Lord for the body"; and whether eating, or drinking, or speaking, or working, or playing, we should "do all to the glory of God." The Chinese are very anxious about what is to be done with their bodies after death. They think that much for their eternal future depends on the disposition made of their bodies after the departure of their spirits. Hence they pledge their friends to see that, whenever and wherever they die, their bodies shall be taken to their own land, and there properly cared for and buried. Paul intimates that less depends for our future on what is done for our *dead* bodies than on what we do with them while *living*. Paul's view is as much more "reasonable" than the Chinese as it is more scriptural. God wants the service of the living bodies of all his children. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

....At the last meeting of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, at Richmond, Va., the standing committee on Sabbath-schools recommended

"that the injunction be emphatically reiterated that presbyteries act efficiently in bringing all our churches which are directly under the control of the church session, so that the superintendent and teacher shall hold their position only by their appointment and consent; that all the operations and interests of the school be under their guidance; and that they see to it that our catechism, confession of faith, and form of government, with the Bible, be the prominent subjects of study."

As over against this commendation of the denominational catechism as a Sunday-school text-book may fairly be set the following report, in the London *Sunday-school Teacher*, of the remarks of Rev. Dr. Tyng, at the anniversary of the London Sunday-school Union. Speaking of American Sunday-schools, the Doctor said:

"We have passed through the miserable period when the use of the catechism was common; we have done with feeding our children upon the husks of theology, and we teach our children, 'God gave you the Bible, and God means you to understand it.' When I was first interested with the Sunday-school we used to have that incessant (I was going to say insane) system of questions and answers to which we could not comprehended, and utterances of words to which the youthful mind could attach no meaning. I shall never forget the manifestation of life and joy which I witnessed when this system was laid aside, and we said to the teacher: 'Take the Bible in your hand and talk to your children of the Bible alone.' . . . We laid down the truth at the very foundation of our system, 'You are under no authority, by mind, thought, purpose, and feeling, but the authority of the living Word.'"

....Much censure has attached to Sunday-school speakers and writers in this country for giving undue prominence to death and the grave in their spoken or written stories of children and for children; but it seems from the report of a recent Sunday-school conference in Great Britain that our trans-Atlantic brethren are ahead of us in this thing. Mr. Stevenson, of South Shields, a member of Parliament said:

"On the Tyne-side a custom has grown up, of which he heartily disapproved, in association with Sunday-schools. As a means of attracting children to the school, burial clubs had been formed. He loved the moral influence of the Union would be brought to bear against the practice."

Seducing children to Sunday-school by the temptation of tickets to their own funerals is certainly a novel mode of evangelism.

....As showing the ignorance on the part of Sunday-school teachers of the land of the Bible in its bearing on the manners and customs of its people, so constantly referred to in the Scriptures, a writer in the *Sunday-school Journal* says:

"In a school once the Saviour's words, 'Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house,' formed the lesson of the day. To a scholar's question, 'What would they be doing on the house-tops?' the answer replied, 'Sleeping, of course.' This is fact, not fiction. The writer of this article personally knows the boy, who is now a man and an honored minister in our church, and his want of respect for that teacher remains with him yet. Ignorant of Oriental customs and habits, is it not an *insult* to the intelligence of our Sunday-school scholars for a teacher to go unprepared to *instruct*? For of what use is a teacher unless he gives instruction?"

....If the question is raised "Shall we have a Sunday-school vacation during this month or next?" the proper persons to vote on it are the scholars who are to remain in town; not those scholars or teachers who are to leave home. If a superintendent is going away for a few weeks, he ought not to ask the Sunday-school to close on that account. The teachers who are to go into the country or to the seaside have no right to vote that scholars remaining in the heat and dust of the city shall meantime have no Sunday-school home open to them. So long as the children who cannot leave town in the summer want a Sunday-school they ought to have one, and the teachers who are to go away should see that provision is made for them there.

....The Presbyterian Board of Publication has decided to adopt the International Series of Uniform Bible Lessons for 1873, selected by the committee appointed at the Indianapolis Convention. The Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians of the country, as a whole, are now quite generally agreed on this system, and large numbers of the Episcopalians, Friends, members of the Reformed churches, and others are also to avail themselves of it. It is believed that next year at least five millions of people will be engaged each week in the study of the same Scripture lesson.

....As to the duty of parishes to pay the expenses of their Sunday-schools, Rev. John F. Kitto, of the Church of England, said in a recent public address:

"It is high time that the Sunday-school in each parish occupied its proper and independent position, and that the congregation admitted the obligation to promote and sustain it with liberality and thoughtfulness. I think that in matters of finance, as in other matters, Sunday-schools should now come to the front and occupy an independent position."

These words are as timely for American congregations as for those in Great Britain.

....In planning for a new church or chapel building, it is important to provide rooms best suited to the Sunday-school. The children are worthy of attractive and commodious quarters in the church household.

....Those teachers who care least for the teachers' meeting are usually those who most need its influences and instructions. They do not yet know how little they do know.

News of the Week.

The most profound secrecy is maintained as to the transactions of the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, by agreement of all the members. Much delay has been experienced in consequence of the difference of the languages spoken, which renders necessary tedious translations and explanations; but it is understood that all the preliminaries have now been settled, and the Board has decided to take up the case of each ship *seriatim*. The Board will hereafter hold five sittings per week. It is stated from London that the British agent has presented a demurrer, praying that the Tribunal exclude the cases of the "Talchassee," "Chiesamauga," "Sumter," "Nashville," Retribution," "Boston," "Sallie," "Jeff Davis," "V. H. Jay," and "Music." Pending decision, each side presented a *proces verbal*, containing the essence of the argumentative portions of the case and counter-case. The summary of the American argument and statement in the case of the "Florida" has already been presented. A dispatch from Geneva says that the sessions of the Board will probably continue for six weeks or two months; that the British agents will make a strong contest against the American direct claims; but that it is the prevailing impression that the award in favor of the United States will be a large one.....The Mixed Commission on British and American Claims, which adjourned on the 23d of April, at Washington, will meet at Newport, R. I., on the 11th of September. During the interval a vast amount of labor has been performed by the secretary and the agents of the respective countries, and the records are already very voluminous. The number of the British claims is 428, and the American 19. Of these all the American and 418 of the British memorials have been printed, and are in the hands of the respective counsel.

....At midnight on the 18th inst. as the King and Queen of Spain were returning from the Palace Garden to the Palace, in Madrid, five men fired upon their carriage, with the intent of assassinating the royal pair. The occupants were uninjured, however. One of the would-be assassins was immediately killed by an attendant, and two others were captured. Arrests were subsequently made of 3 more principals and 27 accomplices. All classes of citizens vied in their expressions of rejoicing at the providential escape of the royal party, and a large crowd attempted to take the culprits from the city prison and execute summary vengeance on them. The King and Queen on the following day drove through the city in an open carriage, and their progress was an immense ovation. There is also great rejoicing in the Italian cities over the escape. On the 21st inst. Rome was fairly covered with flags.....Havana dispatches state that Count Valmaseda has embarked for Spain. An immense concourse of people accompanied him to the quay.....A fort at Nuevitas was struck by lightning on the 10th inst., and the powder magazine exploded, destroying the works and killing seven artillerists.

....Advices from St. Petersburg state that the cholera epidemic is gradually making its way from the eastern provinces of Russia and gaining a foothold in the central and western portion of the Empire. The City of Moscow is now suffering from its ravages, and there the disease has assumed its

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, July 25th, 1872.

RELIGIOUS INCOMPATIBLES.

Though the Scripture states with the emphasis of an interrogation that two cannot walk together except they be agreed, the attempt will be made at the expense of much comfort and temper so long as men cultivate the notion that their walking together is of more importance than their agreement.

The idea that schism is a deadly sin, to be avoided at all hazards, is one which is borrowed by some Protestants from the Roman Catholic, which forgets its own schism from the Eastern Church. It is one which finds extravagant expression in a petition of the Episcopal litany—"From all heresies and schisms, good Lord, deliver us." It is not a notion that rests on any fair interpretation of the Scriptures. They never represent the Church as a bunch of faggots bound together by encircling laws and canons, in which outward ligatures its unity is to consist. The Bible never suggests that a oneness may be secured by a single divinely ordained polity or by following a divinely appointed line of hereditary or transmitted unifying grace. It never implies that anything but a loss of faith can break up the unity of the Church, for it never represents that this unity consists in anything whatever except in the faith. Its unity is "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." All its oneness is its "one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." It is one hope and trust in, and one confession of, the one Saviour and the one Father of all, and not one ecclesiastical judicature, one ordination and one confirmation, one set of chief pastors, one obligatory creed, one set of tough willow withes to keep the ecclesiastical faggots from falling apart.

Just now we have in three countries illustrations of the evils that have come to the Protestant Church from accepting the formal Roman notions of unity. In France the Reformed Church consists of members who believe that Christ is the only begotten Son of the Divine Trinity, and those who believe that he was one of the best men that ever lived; those who trust in his atonement for salvation, and those who teach that man is his own best saviour: those who accept the Bible as an infallible guide of life and truth, and those who adhere to it so far as it is not childish or antiquated; those who believe in miracles and the resurrection of Jesus, and those who have outgrown the superstition of an infantile age. And the two antipodes from each other in faith and hope, insist on living and quarreling together, that they may display their "Unity!"

The most flagrant example of this solecism is that of the Church of England. Its present watchword is, "Comprehension"—another misspelling of the grand Catholic word "Unity." In the pulpits of the Church may be found every shade of religious belief, from the extremest rationalistic denial, which rejects the Bible and all revelation, to the evangelism which worships a dying Christ, or the Romanism which adores more. It offers up its Lord in a wafer and all these parties are transponing and fighting each other, denying to each other the Christian title, and yet all are embraced in the same "comprehension;" while the Queen stands in the middle of her realm of howling beasts, with her left hand flattering bishoprics and deaneries and living to appease their hunger, and with her right brandishing the whip which shall keep them from devouring each other.

In this country, which has no state patronage to bestow, the great influence which keeps incompatibles together in a union which offends nobody is wanting. But the traditions of the Anglican Church, and the odd assumption that unity consists not in oneness of faith and love, but in the unbroken descent of grace, through the laps of successive bishops' fingers, oozing off from them like electricity from a boy on an insulating stool, have produced a similar idolatry of the fence which the faithful of that denomination have built about themselves. We have in this country just the same varieties (not so pronounced, we are glad to say) on the line of delusion; but quite as pronounced in the direction of evangelicism and rationalism. These diverse parties are held together in organization, though the first believes the second to be in league with the greatest of all abominations, the Harlot Woman; and the second believes the first to be as bad as the Methodists, who are the incarnation of all religious disorder. But (and for this they thank God) there is no "schism," and "the Church" invites the reverence of the "sects!"

Take an example very near us, and we turn for authority mainly to Episcopal papers and to documents prepared for the use of the dean and faculty of an Episcopal seminary.

The Episcopalians have what is called their General Theological Seminary, situated in this city. It is under the control of the bishops of the several dioceses, in a peculiar sense making it the official divinity school of the Church. But the Church has no essential unity, and this difference of principles must display itself here. There are sixty or seventy students, of whom about twenty belong to the extreme ritualistic party, while the rest reach along the line which connects those who are High Church, but not ritualistic, with the Evangelicals. There is no sort of religious sympathy binding these young men together. In the way of expressing and cultivating their religious life, some of the students commenced a prayer meeting. The Ritualists, to show their contempt for such Methodistic notions, would march in to the front of the chapel, bow ostentatiously to the altar, and then retire to the rear of the room, and, by making fun of the worshipers, by loud conversation and laughter, try to break up the meeting. The faculty, who are considered unequal in ability to the average of college professors, are unable, had some of them are indisposed, to repress conduct. The students hear a great deal the [illegible] preaches at [illegible] and this [illegible] of their [illegible] come

"Catholic Church"—the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican. The Ritualistic students cross themselves before eating, bow to the altar, attend auricular confession, wear the priestly cassock in recitations and at meals, and would do so in the streets if not forbidden by the dean, and prepare themselves for ordination as deacons by going off to a "retreat" for a period of a week or two, where, under the charge of a "Father," who shall confess them and "celebrate" every day, they shall fit themselves to receive the pressure of the bishop's hands, and the power to forgive sins that comes thereby. These young men are not generally Episcopalians by education, but converts from the "sects," and with a peculiar venom apply the title of "Methodist" or "Presbyterian" to their brother students who are born in the faith. We are glad that even here the Low Church sentiment is in the preponderance; or, at least, these extravagances excite disgust among the larger and abler portion of the students.

These differences have lately been brought to light by an affair which seems comical to outsiders. It was noticed that some students refused to partake at the communion service in the seminary chapel. When reprimanded therefor, they replied that they had already "communicated," and thought it would be sacrilege to repeat the act. Why it should be so the unsophisticated reader may not understand. The body of Christ, accordingly to ritualistic piety, must not go into the stomach, to mix there with profane food; and, therefore, not to fast unnecessarily, the good Christian, who must needs communicate every day, will attend an early mass, and the stomach, sanctified by its divine food, will be fitted to take its breakfast. But never must the communicant defile the Lord's body by partaking after a meal. The faculty thought all this nonsense, and ordered them to attend, on penalty of dismission; but they refused, and appealed to their bishops. This is only another illustration of the utter incompatibility of temper and faith in that Church. The unity of a cage of wild beasts is no more the unity for which our Saviour prayed than is the unity of death in a graveyard. It is a unity of the spirit of life and love.

THE NIAGARA FALLS CONFERENCE.

MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND, in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln," and also Mr. Edward McPherson, in his "History of the Rebellion, 1860–1865," give the letters which passed between Mr. Greeley and President Lincoln in July, 1864, and Mr. Greeley and certain rebels who were at Niagara Falls on the Canada side, and which have since been styled the "Niagara Falls Peace Correspondence." When the whole correspondence was finished, Mr. Lincoln, seeing the use that was made of it for the purpose of placing him in a false light before the country, requested of Mr. Greeley his consent to have it published, with the exception of certain passages in Mr. Greeley's letters, which, in the judgment of the President, might be injurious to the public interests. With this request he refused to comply unless these passages were retained. Mr. Lincoln then placed the correspondence in the hands of Henry J. Raymond, with a red pencil line drawn over those parts that he thought it inexpedient to publish, addressing him a letter, in which occur the following sentences:

"I have concluded that it is better for *me* to submit, for the time, to the consequences of the false position in which I consider he [Mr. Greeley] has placed me than to subject the *country* to the consequences of publishing these discouraging and injurious parts. I send you this, and the accompanying copy, not for publication, but merely to explain to you, and that you may preserve them until their proper time shall come."

This letter was dated August 15th, 1864, when the Democratic party was hurling violent charges at the head of the President, as needlessly prolonging the war, and using the failure of the Niagara Falls Conference as proof thereof. Mr. Lincoln felt himself to be unjustly impeached thereby, and wished the country to know all the facts that had any real bearing upon the question then agitating the public mind. The only parts which he proposed to omit in the publication of the correspondence, were those passages in which Mr. Greeley had expressed discouraging views about the war. These parts certainly were not material to the end sought, nor could their publication be of any service to Mr. Greeley; yet, for reasons best known to himself, he declined to give his consent unless the passages from his own pen—which, as Mr. Lincoln thought, might be detrimental to the Union cause—were also published.

The correspondence in question begins with a letter dated at Niagara Falls, July 5th, 1864, and addressed to Mr. Greeley, by W. C. Jewett, in answer to a previous note from the former to the latter, in which he says: "I am authorized to state to you, for your use only, not the public, that two ambassadors of Davis & Co. are now in Canada, with full and complete powers for a peace; and Mr. Sanders requests that you come on immediately to me, at Cataract House, to have a private interview. Or, if you will send the President's protection for him and two friends, they will come on and meet you." This letter of Mr. Jewett shows that Mr. Greeley himself had previously written to him. On the 7th of July, 1864, Mr. Greeley sent this letter to President Lincoln, writing himself also, strenuously urging him "to submit overtures for pacification to the Southern insurgents," and proposing a plan of adjustment, which included an indemnity of $400,000,000 to be paid by the Government to the Slave States for the abolition of slavery.

In answer to this letter, the President wrote to Mr. Greeley, on the 9th of July, 1864, saying: "If you can find any person anywhere professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him that he may come to me with you, and that, if he really brings such proposition, he shall, at the least, have safe conduct with the paper (and without publicity, if he chooses), to the point where you shall meet him. The same if there be two or more persons." The President was very careful to say that the proposition must come from Jefferson Davis, that it must be in writing, and that it must embrace the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery.

On the 18th of July, 1864, Mr. Greeley writes to Mr. Lincoln, and says: "I have now information on which I can rely that two persons duly commissioned and empowered to negotiate for peace are at this moment not far from Niagara Falls, in Canada; and are desirous of conferring with yourself, or such persons as you may appoint and empower to treat with them." This was based on a letter to Mr. Greeley from George N. Sanders, written at Niagara Falls, on the previous day, but which did *not* contain the "information" conveyed by Mr. Greeley to the President. On the 15th of July the President replies by a telegram, and says to Mr. Greeley: "I have just received yours of the 18th, and am disappointed by it. I was not expecting you to *send* me a letter; but to bring me a man or men. Mr. Hay goes to you with my answer to yours of the 18th." In this answer, as borne by Major Hay, Mr. Lincoln says that, if the commissioners "consent to come, on being shown my letter to you of the 9th inst., show that to them, and if they will come with a view to an immediate termination of the war on the *terms* stated in the former, bring them. I not only intend a sincere effort for peace; but I intend that *you* shall be a personal witness that it is made." He authorized Major Hay to issue a safe conduct to Hon. Clement C. Clay, Hon. Jacob Thompson, Professor James B. Holcombe, and George N. Sanders, the persons then at Niagara Falls, two of whom had been represented by Mr. Greeley as being duly appointed by Jefferson Davis. The safe conduct was accordingly issued, and placed in the hands of Mr. Greeley.

Mr. Greeley then starts for Niagara Falls, and on the 17th of July opens a direct correspondence with these gentlemen, including Mr. Jewett, which was closed on the 20th of the same month. Two facts here make their appearance. The first is that Jefferson Davis had not appointed anybody to speak or act for the so-called Confederate Government. These men at Niagara Falls simply thought that they would be appointed if Mr. Lincoln would consent to receive them. The other fact, incidentally coming out, is that Mr. Greeley did not show to these pretended agents of the Rebel Government the letters of the President to him, and did not state to them the conditions on which Mr. Lincoln had consented to receive them and guarantee to them a safe conduct. He did not represent the President, but rather represented Horace Greeley. When these rebel agents ascertained from another source what were the views of the President, they flared up in great wrath, issued a manifesto to the public, charged Mr. Lincoln with having changed his views, and the whole farce came to an end. That there might be no mistake upon the point, the President sent Major Hay to Niagara Falls with the following communication, which was delivered on the 20th of July to Prof. Holcombe:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18th, 1864.

To whom it may concern:

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This carefully-worded communication simply repeats the precise conditions which the President had stated to Mr. Greeley in his letter of the 9th of July, and to which he referred in that of the 13th, but which Mr. Greeley did not convey to these rebels, who were then stopping at Niagara Falls. Any one who will carefully study this whole correspondence, beginning July 5th, 1864, and ending July 20th, and then look at it in connection with contemporaneous circumstances, will find it impossible to avoid coming to the following conclusions:

1. That the correspondence was inaugurated by a letter which Mr. Greeley himself had written to W. Cornell Jewett, "an irresponsible and half-insane adventurer." The contents of this letter are not known to the public; yet it is well known that Mr. Greeley was smitten with a sudden panic about the issues of the war, and was anxious for peace upon almost any terms.

2. That the emissaries of the Rebel Government, who were then at Niagara Falls, designed through his maudlin peace sympathies to use him as an instrument for their own purposes, and that they effectually succeeded so far as he had any power. They made a *tool* and a *fool* of him; but did not draw the sagacious Lincoln into their trap. There is too much reason to believe that some of the leaders of the Democratic party were privy to this movement, and had a political end to serve by it.

3. That the President regarded Mr. Greeley as a restless, intrusive, and troublesome man, whom it was necessary to manage, and, if possible, put in a position where he would do the least amount of mischief. Nothing is more evident from this very correspondence than that Mr. Lincoln did not trust him as a political friend or rely upon his judgment. He rather sought to protect himself and the Union cause against the errors of his head, or of his heart, or of both.

4. That Mr. Greeley did not faithfully convey to these rebel emissaries the conditions, so clearly stated by the President, upon which he was authorized to confer them a safe conduct to Washington; and, hence, that he not only misled them, but misrepresented the President.

5. That Mr. Greeley was guilty of great injustice to Mr. Lincoln as the executive head of the Government, and a candidate for re-election, in refusing to permit the publication of this correspondence, with such erasures in two letters as the latter had proposed, for the purpose of avoiding their discouraging and injurious effects upon the public mind. Mr. Lincoln was charged by the Democratic party with pursuing a vacillating course, and repelling all negotiations for peace. Horace Greeley knew the charge to be false; yet he would not give his consent to the best possible method of correcting it. He did not correct it himself; but rather favored it, knowing the "false position" in which his own course had put the President, and knowing the use thereof made by the Democratic party and the rebel emissaries, for the purpose of discrediting Mr. Lincoln with the people. The passages in his letters which the President desired to have omitted were those in which he had spoken of our country as "bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying"; as longing for peace, and shuddering "at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood"; and as being in possible danger of "a Northern insurrection." Such utterances, coming from so distinguished a Republican as the editor of the New York *Tribune*, seemed to the President unfit for the public ear in the then existing condition of things. And there is no nobler act in his whole history than his willingness to be unjustly impeached rather than have his country suffer by a publication which would have at once silenced his assailants.

These conclusions make anything but an agreeable chapter in the life of Mr. Greeley. While they reflect most severely upon his judgment, they impeach his honor, fidelity, and integrity as a man. We do not wonder that Mr. Lincoln, who went into the canvass under false imputations which it was in the power of Mr. Greeley to correct at any moment, placed the correspondence where it might tell its own story in due season. It is a notable circumstance that this same George N. Sanders, who in 1864 was a rebel, and figures conspicuously in this Niagara business, now figures as one of Mr. Greeley's warmest supporters in what the New York *Tribune* calls the "Reform Canvass."

We take no pleasure in recalling the circumstances on which we have dwelt; yet Mr. Greeley now being a candidate for the Presidency, and endorsed by the men that misrepresented and maligned the lamented Lincoln, in 1864—and that, too, with his full knowledge of the facts then and now—we think it due to the public that his own most extraordinary and censurable course in relation to Mr. Lincoln should be distinctly laid before the people. Mr. Raymond, in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln," very justly remarks: "It is not easy now, any more than it was then, to reconcile Mr. Greeley's action in this matter with fidelity to the Union cause, or with [illegible] to its [illegible]

which alone that cause was maintained." The fact, of which we shall take due notice hereafter, that in little more than a month after the termination of this correspondence he headed a secret letter to the loyal governors of the Northern States, inquiring whether it might not be expedient to substitute "another candidate in place of Mr. Lincoln," here finds a pertinent explanation. It was less an error of the head than a perversity of the heart.

SENATOR SUMNER'S DILEMMA.

If a great man, struggling with the storms of fate, be indeed a spectacle which the cynical gods delight to contemplate, the predicament in which Mr. Sumner finds himself may afford food for malicious mirth to the dwellers on Olympus. Not that fate has much to do with the matter, since it is he himself that has involved him in it, rather than the mysterious arbiter of the destinies of gods and men. We have a profound respect for the abilities and the honesty of purpose of the Massachusetts senator, and a most grateful sense of the services which he has done toward his country during his long public career. We are the more concerned, therefore, that he should have placed himself in a dilemma which can give no comfort to his friends and can hardly fail to give much to his enemies. It is one which it is impossible that even his political prescience should have foreseen. That Horace Greeley would be nominated by the acclamation of the Rebels and the Copperheads must have been beyond the reach of any merely unbispired prevision. Would he have made his speech of May the thirty-first had he expected it? We hope not.

Having made it, however, he stands in a position as perplexing as so honest a man could well be put in. That the weight of his opinion and conduct will be great, when he casts it into the one scale or the other, no one knows better than he. And, if he did not, there is no lack of mentors to remind him of it, and of tempters to tell him what he can have, if he give it the right direction. To these last we are willing to believe that he gives no ear. Cabinet office or embassy can have no temptation for him who holds a higher position than either already. We are assured that his only perplexity is to discern his duty so that he may do it. And we cannot wonder that it should be a very serious one to him. Though we cannot sympathize with or hardly comprehend the apprehensions of danger which he feels in the prospect of the re-election of General Grant, we cannot doubt their entire sincerity. He sees in vision the President re-entering the White House, after taking the oath of office in front of the Capitol, escorted by a pretorian band of mercenaries, ready to do his imperial pleasure; all the important offices near his person filled by military men, trained in implicit obedience to the word of command; an endless train of poor relations hovering in the rear, ready to light down like locusts and consume the land; and in dim perspective a shadowy band of Sicklees, and Caseys, and Murphys, and worse, if worse may be.

This vision passes, and straight another rises to his affrighted view. The rebels rehabilitated in the control of the old Slave States. The Ku-Klux miscreants again at large, and unrestrained by fear of Federal interference, regulating society there. Though the right of the blacks to vote may not be openly denied, they will have secret lessons of murder and torture to teach them how to use it. The rebel element again supreme in the South, as insolent, as malignant, as murderous in spirit as of old. With the help of its old allies, the Copperheads, it will hold the balance of power in the nation. Compensation for emancipated slaves, assumption of the Confederate debt, secret if not open assaults on the public credit, and whatever else hatred and malice can suggest that can avenge the Lost Cause, or perhaps recover it. And above all and through all there is the spectacle of the blacks, as whose champion he has so long and so nobly distinguished himself, as nearly reduced to old estate of slavery as fiendish ingenuity can devise. Against all this, and this last above all, what guaranty can the great senator have? Words to any extent and in any form he may choose to dictate! He has not been in Congress for more than twenty years not to know what the word of a slaveholder is worth? A dicer's oath is a sacred pledge compared with it.

There is, indeed, one bold and noble course open to Mr. Sumner—one worthy of his past and of his future. Let him bravely take the dilemma by the horns and make himself its master. "All men know what I think of General Grant," he might say; "and so all men may judge of what I think of Mr. Greeley. The ills we have I know, and have testified against them. But I will not fly to the worser ones, which I know not of, but which I know must follow the election of Horace Greeley, the choice, because they know he will be their creature, of the deadliest enemies of the black man. As the least of two evils, I shall vote for Grant, and urge all men of my opinions to do likewise." This were a noble and a wise course. Will he take it?

THE PRISON CONGRESS IN LONDON.

THE International Prison Congress, which begun its sessions in London on the 8d instant, is a striking proof of the advance of ideas as to the true functions of governments. Our readers are familiar with the inception and progress of the movement, of which this meeting is one of the historical monuments. Dr. Wines, to whose activity and perseverance it is so largely due, addressed a letter to the London *Times*, giving an account of its antecedents; and how and why it was convened. All the powers of the earth seem to have united in this assembly, which may well have more permanent as well as more beneficent results than the Congress of Vienna, which met to settle the destinies of Europe after the fall of Napoleon, or that of Paris, which met for the same purpose after the end of the Crimean War. The French ministry sent two delegates and the Institute one. Italy, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Russia, and Greece were represented in it. Bismarck had advised the different members of the German Empire to do the same; and Dr. Wines had reason to believe that Turkey, Portugal, and Spain would also send their representatives to assist at it. It really seems to have been the most truly ecumenical council that was ever convened, and one called to consider more vital matters than the infallibility of the Pope or the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary; a more genuine congress than any held by kings to divide among themselves what none of them had any right to.

It is one of the most hopeful symptoms of advancing civilization that the subject of the wisest treatment of criminals is commanding so large a share in the observation and reflection of the best minds of Europe and America. Indeed, it is the matter which touches the nearest our daily walks and nightly slumbers. It is a great many years since an invasion of barbarians

"Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beyond Gibraltar and the Lybian sands."

And it is not very often that a civilized army invades a nation and lays it waste. But the horde of domestic barbarians, and (to a degree) enemies which keep us in a state of chronic invasion—these are always with us, and these destroy that sweet sense of security which it is the first business of civil society to give to its members. Of an invading enemy we shall always be able to give a good account; or, at any rate, we know where to find them, and to make as good head against them as we may. But how to guard against the domestic army of foes invisibly encamped all about us, ready to knock us on the head in the streets or to murder us in our beds, when,

"Cruel with guilt and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar,"

not to mention the lesser forms of their warfare—such as pocket-picking, forgery, panel-thieving, and the like—this is really the great problem of modern civilization. The simple process of hanging has had a fair trial, and has been a failure. In Henry VIIIth's time it is said that 70,000 a year were dispatched by the gallows, without materially diminishing the supply. And down to the days of Mackintosh and Romilly, only about fifty years ago, batches of men, women, and even children were turned off almost every Monday in London, and after every assize throughout England; and still crime flourished and criminals multiplied. And it was so in a lesser degree in America.

The impossibility of exterminating the criminal class made it necessary to devise some other method of dealing with it. Hanging and imprisonment in the horrible and pestilential jails which disgraced Europe down to the days of Howard had failed, and humanity and self-preservation—for, wisely considered, "true self-love and social is the same"—led to the invention and the separation of the convicted class from society, either by banishment to penal colonies or seclusion within penal walls. And we are happy to know that in proportion as the duty of the honest classes to the dishonest—fellow men, if miserable sinners—has been recognized and acted upon has the number and enormity of crimes diminished. Bad as things may be now in England and this country, we affirm that no one who will examine the annual registers of London, or a file of American newspapers of a century back, will deny that the amount and atrocity of crime are not as great now as then, in proportion to the population then and now. This improved state of things we believe to be due to the recognition of the possibility of the reformation as well as of the justice of the punishment of offenders. This idea has in some imperfect degree entered into the experiments of the last fifty years in the direction of prison discipline in England, and more judiciously in America. The more it is made its guiding and inspiring idea the more thorough will be its improvement and the more satisfactory its progress. We believe that we have quoted formerly the inscription of the wise if not infallible Pope Clement XI on the walls of the hospital of San Michele, in Rome, for the instruction and correction of young criminals—we believe the first ever established: "*parum est coercere improbos pœnâ, nisi probos efficias disciplinâ*"—it is of small use to restrain criminals by punishment unless you make them honest by discipline. This should be inscribed on every penal institution everywhere, for the benefit of society as well as of the criminals themselves. And it is to devise ways and means of better applying this principle that this congress has been as wisely as humanely called together. We have more than once expressed in those columns our ideas as to the two main points to be aimed at: first, a change in the class of men charged with our penal establishments; and, secondly, in the way of apportioning penalty to crime. We think that this time will not be a bad one to give our readers line upon line and precept upon precept again on the subject.

Editorial Notes.

SOME weeks since the Binghamton *Republican* declared that Mr. Greeley, as early as last fall, began to dicker with Democrats for the presidential nomination; that he agreed to become their candidate against Republicans, provided they would nominate him; that letters passed between him and leading Democrats in this state on the subject; that Horatio Seymour was consulted, and, though at first doubtful, finally came into the arrangement; that a distinct bargain was made between the contracting parties, in which the party of the first part agreed to support for his nomination by the Democracy, and the party of the second part agreed to change gradually the tone of the New York *Tribune*, to denounce the Administration, to place himself in alliance with the Democracy, and to accept its nomination. All this was long before the meeting of the Cincinnati Convention. The *Republican*, claiming to have proof of these charges, last week gave the public its first installment of the same, pledging itself to supply still further evidence in due season. The proof, as thus supplied, consists in two affidavits made by C. S. Carpenter and Dr. L. E. Ireland, which show that Mr. Greeley last fall held a correspondence on the point with Mr. Lewis Carmichael, a prominent Democrat of Otsego County; and that the matter was brought to the attention of Horatio Seymour, who finally entered into the plan. These gentlemen swear that they read some of the letters in question, and heard others read, which distinctly implicate Mr. Greeley in such a bargain. His conduct for several months past corresponds perfectly with the truth of the charge brought against him. There is no doubt that he has now gone over to the Democratic party, none that he has desired and sought the nomination, and none that he has been shaping his political course in a way to gain the result, if possible. The public actions of the man furnish strong presumptive evidence of this Greeley-Seymour-Carmichael-Hutchings bargain by negotiations reaching as far back as last October, when Horace Greeley professed to be a Republican. Even the New York *Tribune* does not deny such a bargain, except by vague generalities, which avoid the salient points of the charge. The Binghamton *Republican* should follow up these exposures, and give the public, so far as possible, the secret history of the manner in which Horatio Seymour and Horace Greeley have become such boon companions. The people would like to be fully informed as to the antecedents of this "Reform Canvass."

THERE is one feature about this correspondence of Mr. Greeley which illustrates his exceedingly unreliable judgment, to put the mildest possible construction upon it. We find him promising to favor and support the policy of paying the same pension to the rebel as we now pay to the Union soldiers. Mr. Greeley would have them rewarded for their treason, paid for their crime; not pardoned, but thanked by the nation which they tried to destroy. Mr. Greeley's underlying vice, one that is common to all weakly benevolent people, who are easily beguiled into helping tramps, swindlers, and beggars, is his lack of a judicial detestation of a crime. He does not see why a villain should be punished. The man who could favor the plan of paying scores of millions to the country's enemies is not the man to be trusted to prevent another rebellion, nor to close the doors of the national treasury against wasteful extravagance. We notice with astonishment that, although especial attention is called by the use of italic letters to this part of the Greeley-Carmichael correspondence, the *Tribune* does not include this most damning charge against Mr. Greeley in its very vague denial.

In the fall of 1870 Mr. Greeley was a candidate for Congress, and was defeated. During the canvass A. Oakey Hall, then mayor of New York City, and now one of his most enthusiastic supporters, made a speech in which he thus characterized the present Presidential candidate of the Democratic party:

"He is fickle of purpose, irresolute in judgment, [illegible] and inconsistent in thought and deed, doing motiveless things, telling motiveless falsehoods, friendly with a man one moment and unfriendly the next, eccentric in dress, eccentric in eating and drinking, devoured by the worm of self-consciousness, full of unaccountable idiosyncracies and prejudices and awkward affectations."

Such is the picture which the Democratic Mayor of New York City in 1870 drew of Mr. Greeley, not thinking him fit to be a representative in Congress, but now regarding him just the man to be President of these United States. Mr. Greeley had not then told the public that he could not see any evidence of Mayor Hall's complicity in the great Tammany frauds, the disclosure of which last year startled the whole country. He has not yet seen any such evidence; and this may be one of the reasons why His Honor now thinks so kindly of the man whom less than two years ago he denounced so sharply. The fact that the Tammany thieves, with their gang of Democratic rowdies, grogbrulers, and cut-throats, are so cordial in their support of the Democratic nominee, is to say the least, a very dark presumption against this "Reform Canvass."

MR. CARROW, the United States marshal for North Carolina, over his own name and with the detail of figures covering the last fifteen months, shows that the allegation made by Congressman Beck, and published by the New York *Tribune* and other Democratic papers, is simply a gross *lie*, from beginning to end, without the least shadow of proof or even presumption for its support. The charge is that Mr. Carrow, under false pretenses, had been drawing funds from the United States Treasury to pay the election expenses of the Republican party in North Carolina. Mr. Carrow, in his tabular statement, accounts for every dollar that he has received from the Government, and shows that the expenses of the federal courts in North Carolina for the last fifteen months, as certified by the district judge of the state and paid by him, have actually exceeded his receipts. And yet the New York *Tribune* has at least half a dozen times repeated the lie, without proof and against the clearest proof. Is this the way to conduct a "Reform Canvass"? Will the *Tribune* publish the detailed statement of Mr. Carrow, as contained in the Raleigh (N. C.) *Era* of the 16th instant? If not, then let it confess itself to be a deliberate falsifier.

SENATOR FENTON was invited last fall to address a mass-meeting of Republicans and Reform Democrats in the City of New York, who were united in the common purpose of putting down the Tammany Ring, and purifying the government of the city and the state. He responded by letter, excusing his failure to attend the meeting, and modestly confessing his regret that Nature had not gifted him with that peculiar kind of talent which fits one to address great public gatherings. Last week, however, the Honorable Senator, either conscious that he had quit discovering in himself a talent which it only needed suitable circumstances to call out, actually ventured to deliver an off-hand speech to a Greeley-Democratic mass-meeting at Tweddle Hall, in Albany, in which he attacked the Administration of General Grant, and endeavored to break the force of the figures which so clearly show its great financial success. That he could have spoken last fall, and wanted nothing but the *will*, is now amply proved. Speaking in New York was out of the right kind to overcome his modesty and stir his utterance. Reuben E. Fenton for years has been a marplot in the Republican party, far more honored than he has ever deserved; a political disturber and selfish schemer, claiming to control the patronage of the Government in this state, and at times actually seeking the defeat of the party with which he professed to act. That he should now attach himself to the Greeley-Democracy is a very natural thing for him to do. As a matter of prudence, it would be well not to make him too prominent in conducting the "Reform Canvass." His antecedents as a reformer are not of the most desirable kind.

THE ladies of a Roman Catholic church in St. Paul, Minnesota, have presented to Mr. Greeley a valuable cane, as a testimony of their kind regards. The honored donee accepted the gift, and returned thanks by a polite letter, dated July 11th, in which he says:

"While I am doubtful as to the reception of presents which have a high pecuniary value, I gladly receive yours, whereof the worth is measured and established not by the number of dollars it may have cost, but by the fond, warm hearts which gladly co-operated to tender it."

Mr. Greeley ought in this matter of gift-taking, especially in his present position, to be very cautious, lest Senator Sumner and the whole Democratic party should be after him with a sharp stick.

THE Congregationalists, if we are not in error, are tolerably proud of Plymouth Rock and of their Yankee descent. Such pure Yankees are they that we not long since heard the excuse given for their failure in a Western town or territory that there is in the region no "Congregational element," meaning no New England settlers. We might have something to say on this matter, but just now only wish to remind our Congregational brethren that a mean Yankee is the meanest possible perversion of "the noblest work of God." There is the Third Congregational church in San Francisco. Its 134 members all thought themselves Christians, and supposed they wanted the world converted. A number of them accordingly engaged in missionary work among the Chinamen of the city. The Lord blessed their labors, and five months ago a company of eight Chinamen applied for baptism and church fellowship. The saints were all rejoiced, and thanked God. Oh! no. That was a success beyond their wishes; and a quarter of the members of that Congregational church opposed, with all their might, the admission of their Mongolian brethren, for whom Christ died. The church was poor and thirty-five hundred dollars in debt; and this minority (thank God it was only a minority) were contemptible enough to threaten to leave the church, and do their best to drive it into bankruptcy, if it should receive the converts. They made no objections against their Christian character. Probably they had taken no opportunity to observe or cultivate it. They only insisted that no Chinaman could be good enough to sit down with them to the table of the Lord. The majority of the church, who should have given place to them, no, not for an hour, were persuaded to yield so far as to require six months' longer probation for the converts, during which time they would labor with these churlish brethren. The time is about up, and the minority is just as determined in its hatred of yellow believers as ever, and one side or the other must yield. Either the church may keep its mean Yankees, and get what help it can from them to pay its debt, or it may take the Chinese Christians, and struggle as best it can for existence. Which way its duty lies there can be no doubt. It had better die at once than live to be disgraced. It will be to its everlasting honor to be a pioneer in Christianizing a race. It will find that members whose steps are turned in the direction of Christian progress are more worth than those who are declining from the grace of Christian charity. Better eight Chinamen on the road to Heaven than thirty Yankees on the road to Hell.

JUST how much a man's life is worth, and for what it is worth while to sacrifice it, are questions to be considered in these days of peace. During the war it was settled that the nation's life was of such value that tens of thousands could gladly give up theirs for it. The engineer who minded his business and went down with his engine is generally believed to have done a praiseworthy act; and the colored man who, the other day, pushed five women off of a railway track, and was run over himself while saving them, is thought to have done honor to his race. It is also generally supposed that the Norwegian boy who, some years ago, was drowned because he would not yield and tell a lie, gave up his life profitably to himself and to the world—that dying was better than lying, and that, as an investment for the public morals, the expenditure of a life paid. Every week nearly, we have the case presented to us of men who differ from these heroes—cashiers, or tellers, or clerks who are overpowered by bank robbers and "compelled" to go with them and open the vaults. This saves time and the trouble of breaking locks, and is by far the most convenient way, if they only know the teller will yield. So far as we have noticed, he always does, and nobody finds fault. Is he to blame? The two alternatives presented are the loss of a life or the loss, perhaps, of twenty or fifty thousand dollars. The life seems to him, and, so far as we can see, to the community, the most precious; and he saves his life. But, to save it, he has become the accomplice of thieves, and has helped them in a robbery. It is no compulsion. He can refuse. It is wrong to call the threat of death compulsion. If the next victim has grit and grace enough to refuse utterly to yield, he will not merely thus break up this system of robbery; but, if he should die faithful to the trust committed to him, his name would be emblazoned in honor, and he would save himself the lifelong memory of cowardice and recreancy to trust in the hour of danger. But here are those who save and thus lose their life.

THE Unitarian Association proposes what seems to us about as stupid a piece of nonsense as we have lately seen. It will try to raise by subscription a hundred thousand dollars for a "church edifice fund." So far well. We wish them success. Of this money five thousand is to be expended immediately in helping the most needy societies to erect their churches. The remainder is to be funded, and only the interest expended. As a mere financial measure, we imagine the Association will find it difficult to raise money whose professed object is to save all future generations of Unitarians from the necessity of doing the same. Other denominations lay it down as a first principle that each generation may be trusted to do its own mission work, and that we labor better for posterity when we fit it to bear its burdens than when we plan to remove them entirely. A fund for a church or a benevolent society is the crutch of spiritual weakness, and is a curse rather than a blessing. On only one supposition can we imagine the proposition a wise one; and that is the supposition that the Association expects the next generation of Unitarians to be weaker and fewer than the present, and wishes to establish a fund which shall prevent the utter extinction of the denomination.

WE are sorry to find that we were a little too sanguine when we said the other week that the Peace Jubilee in Boston had paid for itself. It seems it fell short of that bestific state of things by about $150,000, which will have to be made up by the guarantors. This deficit, however, will be diminished by what the materials will bring and by the proceeds of other purposes to which the building will be put before it is taken down. Probably the actual deficiency will not exceed $100,000. We could wish that the balance had been on the other side of the account; but the wonder is that the deficit was not much greater, considering the reckless expenditure in providing artists of the highest value, in pecuniary as well as musical estimation. In fact, there is no real loss in the matter, as the guarantors were parties that derived much greater profits from the Jubilee than the amount they will have to contribute. They were chiefly hotels, railway companies, music-sellers, and musical instrument makers, all of whom reaped an abundant harvest during that fortnight. It is affirmed that the profits of one musical firm amounted to as much as the whole deficiency! There is no doubt that they were very great. So the result is not so very different from what we stated it to be, though it rather belongs to the category of "indirect claims."

....Some of our readers have noticed, doubtless, the admirable series of portrait-caricatures by Pellegrini, now being published in the London *Vanity Fair*. Nothing of the kind has ever been attempted in this country until a very late day. Mr. Matt Morgan's cartoon of Sumner having been the first, we believe. But the *Fifth Avenue Journal*, of this city, has been publishing for some time past a series of portraits in colors, embracing such men as Joe Howard, Belmont, Greeley, Bennett, Jr., and others. These pictures have been of little excellence; but the three last cartoons of this series have shown a commendable improvement, and the sketches of Nast, Peter Cooper, and Beecher have been done with much cleverness. The two last are the work of Mr. Frank Bellew, an artist who is Nast's superior in many respects, and who may yet give us entirely satisfactory work of this kind.

....The standard of education for negroes will have to be higher than for whites if they have to follow the directions of Prof. Blyden, a learned and full-blooded negro in Liberia. He says it is "of the greatest importance" that negroes going to Africa as teachers and missionaries should be carefully taught Hebrew and Arabic. He has lately been to a large Mohammedan college in the interior, where a thousand students were studying the Arabic classics. Among them (

doctor of divinity among the selectcompat. of ritualists present, was honored with a call for a speech, in which he congratuated his audience that they lived in a country that enjoyed liberty of opinion, a blessing not enjoyed in America, which was under the heel of public opinion, the worst of all tyranny. He told Mr. Bennett that, great as was the debt that England owed him, America owed him still more. Americans would rejoice in the Bennett decision. He went on to express his admiration of the Church service, which he was confident would soon become the regular service of the choral. No doubt he will go home to Philadelphia and preach the Roman Catholic doctrine of the presence of Christ in the sacrament, as well as introduce all the nonsense of Mackonochie, Bennett, etc.; for he informed his auditors that "the law in America said that, whatever were the laws in England, there were the same."

....According to the *Nation*, the negroes of the swampy sea-cotton coasts of South Carolina, who are the most degraded and purest blooded of their race (though how this agrees with Agassiz's notion that mixed races always show deterioration we do not know), have a curious method of testing the genuineness of their reform after their frequent "fall from grace." When, at one of their meetings, an individual of either sex professes a return to a better life, a ring is formed upon the floor or ground by loosely dropping broken bricks in a circle. Around this circle, on and among the bricks, the unfortunate individual must hop, on bare knees, while those present join in singing a chosen hymn. If the hopping is not completed by the time the hymn ceases, the backslider is considered unworthy of readmission, and is consigned back to the dominion of Beelzebub, or vice versa if the result is different. They do not enjoy having outside observers of their proceedings—preferring the darkness and some retired spot in the forest. Here they frequently dance, sing, and shout the livelong night, falling into paroxysms of excitement and practically illustrating their own idea of "religion."

....The managers of the approaching Congress of Liberal Catholics, to be held at Munich, Germany, have invited two bishops of the English Church, and one of the Episcopal Church in this country, to attend as visitors. Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, has been selected to represent the American Episcopal Church, and it is understood that he has accepted the invitation and will attend. He became identified with the tractarian movement at Oxford University from its inception, and has ever since been regarded as one of the foremost of the prelates of the High Church party in the United States. He has also been a strong advocate for union between the Liberal Catholics of Europe and the English Episcopal Church, as the only proper solution of the struggle now going on in the bosom of the Roman communion. He is, moreover, one of the ablest of the American bishops. These antecedents and sympathies of Bishop Whittingham have undoubtedly led to his selection as the most fit person to represent the American Episcopal Church in the Munich Congress, and his counsels and influence there will be duly regarded.

....The Pope complains in a speech made on June 18th of the schism that divides the Church in Constantinople, and says:

"I do not wonder that the Turk should protect a schism; but that one cause the wretchedness

...dependent

...NET.

...AN DRIFFILL.

...ould be set on high
...stately stars; their regal light
...like a kingly palace, makes the
night,
...he modest floweret would be shamed by:
...thou, fair rural maid, who now dost sigh
...hate more courtly scenes to take thy
flight,
...here thy poor graces would be dimmed
quite,
...all thy gentle loveliness would die.
...he meadows be content to lie,
...evil worldly knowledge cannot
...ght,
...vious eyes of men thy wants descry;
...hty, high-born dames thou canst
...ves to flaunt in sunshine
...wast meant; they for

...OF THE SLAVE AMERICA.*

...XXII.

...TH CONGRESS.—CAUHERN MEMBERS.

...ENRY WILSON.

...War and its purposed re...isition of territory, to ...extend the system of slavstrengthery—was a marked era in the history of the Slave Power. It inaugurated and gave the national endorsement to the new purpose of slavery extension. No longer content with the theory of simple conservation, for which they had hitherto so successfully and too logically pleaded the compromises of the Constitution, the slave-mas...r had succeeded in dragooning the Government into the practical adoption of an entirely different, more dangerous, and mo...disgraceful policy. If it had not for...al adopted Mr. Calhoun's newly-fle...ver or newly-invented theory that the Constitution carried slavery wher...er it went, it revealed the alarming fact that the nation was on the high road to such a conclusion. This war was not only an outrage upon Mexico, upon every principle of humanity and moral rectitude, but it was a public proclamation by the slaveholding oligarchy that it was its determination to commit the nation, unitedly, ally and irreparably, to its purposes and plans. There were, of course, not a few who comprehended the drift of things, and who took alarm, not so much at the extravagance of these claims as at the growing disposition of the nation to yield to them. Consequently the subject of slavery in the abstract was a topic of frequent discussion in the XXXth Congress. Its sinfulness, its wrongs, its deleterious influences, its power over the Government and the people were perhaps more fully discussed in that than in any previous Congress.

Early in the first session Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, led off in a speech on ... the moral and the political aspects of ...AVERY. He had been somewhat distinguished for his ripe ...ation and candor. He had risen on the action of the South on the subject ... the right of petition, as also on the extreme views of nullification propounded by Mr. Calhoun and his followers. ...Speech, which was very long, eloquent, and evidently well considered, showed him, however, to be not only an advocate of slavery, and deeply embittered against the Abolitionists, but fully impressed with the conviction of the inferiority of the negro race. He went largely into the history of slavery, contended that it was a normal, providential, and wisely-arranged condition of the inferior races; and he showed, too, that even his moderation and defense of the right of petition had been mainly strategical, because, by denying that rights they were, he said, preserving a rule which was of "no practical use in itself; . . . "so that we were losing ground, and the Abolitionists gaining, thereby."

The Southern Whigs found, too, a voice for the expression of their views in the speech of Alexander H. Stephens, made near the close of the first session. Though brief, it was marked, in vigorous language and compact form, the sentiments of those who equally committed to slavery, but not quite prepared to adopt the extreme and violent ...se marked out by the Administration's particular theme was the "Compromise bill," though he proposed to confine himself to the simple organization of territorial governments in New Mexico ... California. The speech embraced also elaborated the following propositions. The reference of the whole subject ...avery in those Territories to the Judiciary. The fact that the Constitution protected slavery wherever it existed, but could not establish it where it did not exist. These territories, being acquired from Mexico by conquest, all Mexican law existing at the time of the conquest not incompatible with the Constitution of the United States, and not abrogated by the treaty, were still in force. As slavery did not exist there by Mexican law at the time of the conquest, the Supreme Court could not be expected to decide otherwise than that slavery did not exist. Therefore, it was no compromise, but a surrender of Southern interests and rights, to leave the matter as thus proposed. It has ever been deemed remarkable, as noticed in another connection, that so eminent an advocate of slavery as Mr. Stephens was then and has ever proven himself to be should have taken that view of the subject, and of the probable action of the Supreme Court. As that Court was constituted, it was evident that the interests of the slaveholders would have been safe in its hands. It was, however, doubtless, a part of the Divine plan that the country should be saved from so great a calamity as then impended over it, and from which it was to be rescued by this singular interposition.

During the next session he made another speech, insisting with great earnestness and with new arguments against the injustice involved in the threatened acquisition of territory. Alluding to the prolonged discussions which had taken place upon the pending issues, he said they were all dwarfed by "the greater and graver question . . . of sanctioning by this House the outrages and aggressions upon the Constitution by which the acquisition of these territories is to be consummated. . . . The safeguards thrown around our institutions by the Constitution will be swept away. The instrument will be defunct. It will be a dead letter. It may preserve its form for a time, and the Government, as a huge, inanimate monster, may also preserve its form for a time; but its life, its spirit, its soul—that principle that looks toward and longs for immortality—will be gone." There was no language too strong to express his disapprobation of the proposed policy, which he described as "the lowest, the meanest, he most corrupting, and the most despicable," based on "the plea of the cheat, the knave, the thief, the highwayman, the brigand, and the lawless of every grade and character." Strengthening the affirmation by putting it in the form of a question, he challenged its defenders to show how they differed from the "detested pirate" who scours the seas. "If I believed," he said, "that all the extravagant stories we hear of the mines of California were true—which I do not—it would make no difference with me. If her soil were lined with gold; if it stood out in solid mountain-piles, as high as her own Sierra Nevada, I should spurn the degrading temptation." He warned his Southern brethren of the danger of partaking of what Mr. Calhoun himself had characterized as "forbidden fruit." He also referred to the imperfect treaty, concerning which he said, there was "a clear misunderstanding between the parties" to it, as another reason for hesitation. He spoke of "the dying agonies of the Administration" of Mr. Polk, and of his unwillingness to add a single "unnecessary pang."

On the 25th of January Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, addressed the House in a speech in which he defended the Southern view of the question, but represented what he termed "the conservatism and conciliatory" spirit of the Northern Whigs, though he expected, he said, the opposition of "the *ultra* men, both North and South." Giving the customary history of slavery and slavery agitation, he defined his position by reading and commenting upon the preamble and resolution of Mr. Gott, of New York, to prohibit the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. The three points he specially condemned were the assertions in the preamble that the traffic was "contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system," that it was "notoriously a reproach to our country throughout Christendom," and that it was "a serious hindrance to the progress of republican liberty throughout the world." These seemingly obvious positions he questioned, elaborating his denials at great length. The most noticeable feature of his speech, however, was his assumption and its attempted proof that John Quincy Adams was opposed to the policy of the resolution. "As the acknowledged leader," he said, "of the party advocating the right of petition, he was enabled to exercise a most potent influence in staying the progress of fanaticism on the subject of slavery in the District and in the states. He did stay its progress, although it required the strength of a giant to arrest it. He put forth his arm and said to it: Thus far shalt thou go and no further. He rebuked the incendiary spirit which would have sundered every link in the beautiful cycle of our Union; and its possessors, both in the North and in the South, shrank back before his lofty patriotism and scathing eloquence."

On the 3d of the following February, Charles Brown, of Pennsylvania, made an extreme and bitter pro-slavery speech, entitled in the *Globe* "A Reply to Mr. Thompson." He began by saying that for the twenty years of his active political life he had always voted "against this whole Abolition agitation—against every proposition calculated to interfere with the subject of slavery, here or elsewhere." One of the points he sought to make against Mr. Thompson was his estimate of Mr. Adams's influence upon the slavery agitation. He contended, on the contrary, that "the old man eloquent" had given "his powerful aid to roll on, no matter who might be crushed by it, the ball of Abolition agitation." Asserting that the agitation was leading them "onward and downward," and that no one could predict where it would "end," he criticised very sharply a recent speech of Horace Mann, in which he had spoken of the "bowie-knife style of civilization" as obtaining at the South. But he sought to parry the charge by referring to the crimes which had been perpetrated in Massachusetts; and he asked what would be thought of the candor of a man who should hold them up as fair examples of the state of society in that commonwealth. He opposed all such crimination and recrimination, and avowed that "the surest way of removing this unhappy state of feeling" was to vote down every proposition for agitation. He characterized "all attempts to raise the negro, politically or socially, to an equality with the white man" as "incendiary in their character and insulting to the South." Alluding to the possible contingency of a civil war between the North and South, growing out of the continued aggressions of the former, he said: "I fear I would be on the side—I do not fear, but I know I would be on the side of justice and right; and I mean by that that I would be with the South." To show his strong bias and the intensity of his pro-slavery proclivities, referring to alleged "Southern encroachments," he said: "Now I ask them, in all sincerity, to tell me wherein the Southern encroachments consist? I have misread the history of this country if they can point me to a single instance in which the South has attempted to trample upon the rights of the North."

The remainder of the speech, which ran through the most of two days, was made up of equal parts of disparaging remarks against the slave and of laudation of his master, of severe objurgations against the "fanatical crusaders, who go forth, as of old, under the peaceful banner of the Cross, and with the specious object of doing God's service, to desolate and destroy a nation," and of gloomy presages of what must be the result if their purposes should be carried out.

In a very different strain, though he was a Southerner, was a speech made by Mr. McDowell, of Virginia, near the close of the session. Leaving the ordinary track of Southern denunciation and menace, he resorted to the far more effective method of earnest entreaty and tender appeal. A graceful and impressive speaker, he held, by the testimony of all who heard him, the audience spellbound for nearly two hours by his subtle logic, his specious pleas, but more by his passionate allusions to the memories of the past and the claims of the present, by their veneration for the dead and the demands of patriotism for the living. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether that or any previous session of Congress ever afforded a more marked illustration of that peculiar trial of faith, feeling, and principle to which the really wise and conscientious of those days were so often and so cruelly subjected by the shrewd and politic defenders of slavery and its claims; when to be true to the claims of humanity and right was, if possible, made to appear false to the pledges of the Constitution, recreant to the memories of the Fathers, and indifferent to the safety of the Union, so that, in the parlance of those times, to be known as a liberty-loving man was to cast distrust on one's loyalty and love of country. On the other hand, to be known as a "Union-saving" man was tantamount to a confession or claim that one was not an Abolitionist. This confusion of ideas, this false position in which the conflict placed men, were skillfully employed and appealed to by Mr. McDowell. Alluding to the gloom and danger which surrounded the nation, and to the many objections urged against the plea he advocated, he passionately exclaimed: "What of all these objections, and all others which can be added to them, and the worst of them—what are they all, when gathered together and piled up to their topmost aggregate, Pelion upon Ossa, but the small dust of the balance, when weighed against—what I may fairly hope to accomplish—the pacification and perpetual union of more than twenty millions of freemen?" "Our ears must be heavy, and our heart hard, beyond the ordinary lot of our kind, unless we hear and feel the voice of our motherland, coming up over all other voices, and calling upon each one of us, in soft and thrilling tones: 'My son, my son, be true to thy trust! Be true to me!' . . . He who at such a moment is afraid to be a good man has already, to say the least of him, begun to be a bad one."

Quoting the language of Washington, that the Government was founded "in a spirit of amity and mutual deference and concession," he enlarged upon the necessity and the claims of *compromise*. And he said: "Looking away from the history of the Constitution, turn your eye inward upon the instrument itself; run it over line by line, count up all its provisions, and *compromise* is the one outstanding and characteristic feature which is indelibly stamped upon every page of it. Seen in the political equality in the Senate of states greatly unequal in size—in Delaware and New York, the pigmy and the colossus of the Union—sitting side by side, the equal of each other in dignity and power," it was exemplified in other provisions and concessions of that instrument, made "on the principle of defending the weak from the encroachments of the strong."

Pathetically alluding to the inferiority of the South in numbers and interest, and to the fact that they had no other refuge but the Constitution, he avowed his determination to cling to that as the last refuge. He appealed to the magnanimity of the nation, as they remembered the sacrifices they early made for the sake of union. "What state, for instance," he inquired, "ever sacrificed as Virginia sacrificed in constituting the coequality of the states?" The most powerful in population, in wealth, in physical respectability, in prospective growth and political power, "she surrendered these great advantages, generously and without a murmur, that she might co-operate with her sister states in building up a permanent, and, as far as possible, a perfect constitutional safeguard for the protection of the defenseless and the weak." He dwelt at great length upon the impolicy of the "non-extension" of slavery; contending that it was alike inoperative as a remedy for the evils of slavery or a diminution of the numbers of its victims. "Not a solitary human being," he said, "has been made a slave by 'extension' who would not have been one had such extension never taken place." Sketching with great rhetorical force and skill the results, the fearful consequences of repression, he exclaimed: "Light up, if you can, the warfare and the spirit of another Peter the Hermit, and in this case, as in that, you will be rewarded with desolation and a tomb." He then entered largely into a disquisition upon the personal qualities and providential mission of the slaves upon this continent, the final cause lying either in the doom pronounced on Canaan or "in some high and renovating function which the American slave is yet to fulfill in the redemption of the continent from which he came." He counseled, however, that the nation "should not lay an impatient or unbidden hand" for the sake of controlling it or diverting it from the Divine purpose, whatever it might have been.

In the closing paragraphs of his speech he referred more particularly to Virginia and Massachusetts as "the representative colonies of our early history, to the courteous colonist of Jamestown," and to "the persecuted and precious people," "the stern, solemn, self-denying Pilgrim, almost ascetic Pilgrim of Plymouth," whose spirit "*could* not mingle with and that *would* not be controlled by the corruptions of earth," and he counseled them not to sunder ties so sacredly born. "Spare, oh! spare us," he said, "the curse of a broken brotherhood, of a ruined, ruined, ruined country. Remember there are no groans like the groans of expiring Liberty; no convulsions like those which her dying agonies extort. It took Rome some three hundred years to die. With a far deeper vitality than hers, our end, when it comes, will come with a far keener, crueler, and bitterer pang."

Among other means employed by the slaveholding extremists during the second session of the XXXth Congress to "fire the Southern heart" and unify Southern support was a meeting of its members to consider and take such action as in their judgment the interests of slavery required. Embracing both parties, it soon revealed the existence of very dissimilar and discordant sentiments among its members. Though agreed, in the main, in the end desired, they differed widely as to the means proposed. Slaveholding Whigs, rightly dreading the effect of the violent and divisive measures proposed by the Democrats, under the lead of Mr. Calhoun, upon their party ascendency, led off in strong opposition. Mr. Clayton, of Delaware, and Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, counseled moderation, and denied the necessity of measures which must precipitate division in their party ranks, if it extended no further. On the other hand, Mr. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, Mr. Foote, and others urged the necessity of decided and strenuous measures. Failing to agree, they adjourned, without fixing upon a day for another meeting. Such a meeting was called, however, a week later, though not so largely attended. During its session two addresses were presented—the one prepared by Mr. Calhoun, and the other by Mr. Berrien. The former, however, received the endorsement of the meeting. It was entitled "An Address of Southern Delegates to their Constituents." It was an able and adroit piece of special pleading, entirely uncandid, one-sided, and intensely sectional. With a singular, not to say monomaniacal, obliviousness of historical facts, it assumed the tone of injured innocence, piteously recounting its list of Northern aggressions. Ignoring the fact that these had all been on the other side, and that the North had been only too willing to bow the neck to Southern domination, it went largely and elaborately into an enumeration and description of the classes of grievances of which the South complained.

Among them were those that resulted from a failure of the North to carry out the provisions of the fugitive slave law of 1793, although the worst that could be said of the North was that it did not always rush with alacrity to the help of the slave-hunter when in search of his prey; this refusal being in strict accord with the decision of the Supreme Court that states, as such, should not act in such a service. Another class of grievances was the anti-slavery agitation that was then quite common at the North. Falsifying the record, by giving 1835 as the date of its beginning, when, in point of fact, such agitation dates with the formation of the Constitution, it failed of citing the use of any other weapons than such as truth afforded, any other assault than that of moral suasion. The Missouri Compromise and the resistance to slavery extension connected with it was cited as indicating the third class of grievances of which complaint was made, ignoring the fact that that compromise was regarded as a Southern triumph. The Wilmot Proviso indicated another class of aggressions, the gist of which was simply the purpose of its movers (the Government had not adopted it) to prevent the introduction of slavery into territory recently acquired and then free. Allusion was also made to a then recent vote in the House on a motion that a bill be reported for the abolition of the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. Such were the serious grievances and aggressions which constituted the burden of this formal arraignment of the North. The remark of a contemporaneous editor concerning it, that "there ought to have been a Northern caucus and Northern address ten years ago," and that the address, even at that period, might have recounted a list of aggressions by the South ten times as "numerous and enormous as those which Mr. Calhoun has brought forward," though forcible, admitted by implication that the South had some cause of complaint, a concession which the facts by no means warranted. Indeed, the whole paper seemed rather the ravings of lunacy than the well-considered utterances of an earnest and honest mind.

It did not counsel dissolution; but it recommended a course of action whose natural tendency would have been in that direction. Gratuitously assuming that the North was anti-slavery, and that the South was essentially slaveholding, it insisted on union among "their constituents," even if it necessitated the ignoring of every tie save that of nationality which bound them to the North. "Entertaining these views," it added, in closing, "we earnestly entreat you to be united, and for that purpose adopt all necessary measures. Beyond this we do not think it would be proper to go at present."

THE PRECIOUS STONES OF SUMMER.

BY FANCHON.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;

"You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve:
Let Health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."

THE ancients, who classified precious stones by their imagined relations to the signs of the Zodiac, attributed the Agate to Taurus; but the poets, who cast away superstition, and recognize symbolism only for its artistic and sentimental significance, transposed the signets of the last month of spring and the first month of summer, and dedicated the Agate to June.

Such wonderful *variety* was displayed by the Agate that it seemed of all precious stones the most perfect counterpart of the luxuriant caprices and multiform beauties of the flower-bearing month.

Layers of different colors folded one upon another, like the leaves of a book, or circling in concentric rings, like ripples above a pebble dropped into the brook, are characteristics of the Agate; and in June one of the wonders of Nature is her symmetrical disposal of innumerable delights. The succession of flowers is a miracle of choice. Each budding beauty seems to grow out of the fading beauty's heart.

Mineralogists place Agate in the third class of that order of precious stones of whose material silica is the base. This class includes those stones which—formed of silica nearly pure—admit into their composition certain coloring substances, too insignificant in quantity to affect their chemical classification, but sufficient to communicate to them, in a commercial and artistic view, their special value.

The disposition of Agate in the earth is different from that of other precious stones. It very rarely occurs in veins; but, on the contrary, is found in a concrete state, embedded in gneiss and porphyry, and in bowlders and pebbles of rivers, throughout almost every portion of the globe. In amygdaloid it exists in the form of hollow balls, which, as the rock disintegrates, are eagerly gathered, and cut into attractive shapes.

The natural divisions of Agate afford two varieties: Agates of a single tint, and Agates of several tints.

The first variety includes Chalcedony, Chrysoprase, Cornelian, and Heliotrope. The second embraces Onyx, Sard, Sardonyx, Sardius, and Sard-Agate. Jasper, a species of Agate, is quite separated from the other varieties by its complete opacity.

Chalcedony—a cloudy, milk-white, or dead-white stone—has sometimes a bluish cast, when it is called "Saphirine." Its name is derived from the Greek Κορκεδών; and the ancients were so fond of it that it formed a considerable object of commerce, both of Syria and Egypt.

Chrysoprase is Chalcedony colored by oxide of nickel. Its color varies from a deep verdigris to the palest tint of green, and it is capable of taking a beautiful polish. Fifty years ago Chrysoprase was quite the "rage" for ornaments; but it has undeservedly declined in favor.

Cornelian is a species of Chalcedony, but of a finer quality. The ancients confounded it with the Sardius, and it was not until the time of Albert le Grand that its distinction was established. Cornelian has frequently the color of polished horn, and occasionally a tint that reminds one of the Hyacinth. But the most beautiful variety is of a vermilion red, that resembles the Ruby. Its color is due to the oxide of iron, and in certain varieties to organic matter, clearly discernible by analysis.

Heliotrope is a translucid Agate, of a lively leek-green color, which obtained its name from the singular property ascribed to it of changing the colors of the sun's rays when it is plunged into water.

Of all the vari-tinted Agates the most celebrated variety is the Onyx. Originally this term—signifying "a hoof"—was applied to pale-colored Agates; but it is now used for stones which exhibit in bands of a nearly equal thickness marked contrasts of color—such as black and white, or black and whitish gray. It is by this symmetrical opposition of colors that the Onyx furnishes valuable resources to the engraver, and has become preeminently prized for cameos.

The Sardonyx is formed of the Sard, a red Agate, named from the Hebrew "*sered*," signifying "colored red," and the primitive Onyx. It is a stone showing alternate layers of cloudy-white and flesh-colored red.

The Sardius, a term sometimes considered a synonym for the Sardonyx, is used quite distinctively by engravers, to denote a species of Agate whose rich hue shows both yellow and red, without either color dominating; and with shadowings that in the finest specimens of Sardius are perfectly pure and clear.

The Sard-Agate is a semi-transparent stone, formed of layers of orange-red, pale-red, and yellowish red, alternating cloudy-white, with the utmost regularity.

Punchinello, the last of the short series, was started in April, 1870, with Mr. Shanly as one of its managers, and every prospect of suitable literary and artistic support. Its cartoons were the work of Mr. Henry L. Stephens, an artist possessing many good qualities, among which is an unusual adaptation for sketches of animal life. Mr. Bellew worked quite steadily in its pages, and some clever drawings were made by Mr. George B. Bowland, an artist whom we do not remember to have met elsewhere. Two or three departments of *Punchinello* were conducted in a far better manner than had been done in the pages of its predecessors; and of these we may mention the "Condensed Congress," suggested by the "Essence of Parliament" in *Punch*, and the "Plays and Shows." This last series of papers, which was regularly continued from week to week, was remarkably well written, and discussed with great cleverness the doings at our various theaters—Booth's, Wallack's, the Fifth Avenue, etc. The genial sarcasm of "Matador," the editor of these papers, could have been profitably studied by Mr. Booth, Mr. Fechter, and Miss Nilsson, to say nothing of Lydia Thompson and Lotta. Nor were the other pages of *Punchinello* of a very inferior order of excellence. The jokes were sometimes dull and poor, but not

* JUNIUS DAVE. Illustrated by AUGUSTUS HOPPIN. Boston: JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. 1872.

more frequently than is inevitable; while *Punch* seldom contains a better one-line jest than *Punchinello's* "Ode to my Washerwoman—$2.50." But, as a whole, the literature of the paper was much better than its illustrations; and it soon went the way of all its predecessors, and expired, after publishing thirty-nine numbers, on December 24th, 1870.

Jubilee Days, the volume before us, can hardly be called an illustrated journal; for, while it was published daily during the festival at Boston, it was never intended to be general in its scope or to outlast the event which called it forth. The illustrations, which are all drawn by Mr. Hoppin, are of various degrees of excellence, some of them being very good and others unquestionably dull. The chemical process by which they were engraved seems to be well adapted to Mr Hoppin's style, although we are not sure that it would be equally suitable for the work of other artists. As a whole, *Jubilee Days* is a very bright paper, the witticisms being singularly good, while many of the pictures—those of the balloon ascent and Apollo's departure, for instance—deserve much praise.

Our four best humorous artists are Mr. Nast, Mr. Frank Bellew, Mr. Hoppin, and Mr. Matt Morgan, all of whom excel in some one respect. Mr. Hoppin is an admirable society artist; Mr. Morgan is a pitiless and powerful political satirist, a person always badly needed in this country; Mr. Bellew's pictures are occasionally of great spirit, greater than is usually found in the works of his rivals; while Mr. Nast has fairly become a political power, and his Tammany pictures are so clever that we felt half sorry at the overthrow of the Ring, at the caricatures of whose members we had so long been laughing and whose comical faces we feared we should see no more.

Nast is not always commendable. He has bitterly ridiculed men who were national benefactors before he was born; and what is worse, he has occasionally in this ridicule defied the laws of anatomy and perspective. But he has for many years given constant proof of the possession of singular versatility and genius.

We are not of those sensitive people who cannot laugh at a joke unless it be against their enemies, and we rejoice at all progress in the field of legitimate caricature. With the men whom we have named, as well as artists of the capabilities of Eytinge, Bush, and others, it certainly seems possible for us to have a first-class satirical journal. The failure of previous attempts has been due, probably, to the lack of a sufficient combination of capable authors and artists; and that such a combination will some time be rendered possible by a publishing house possessing the requisite capital and energy we earnestly hope.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THE last number of the *North American* is more literary than usual, over sixty pages being occupied by Prof. Lowell's excellent article on Dante and Miss Rossetti's book. The other articles are by Mr. Howells, Mr. Wright, Mr. F. Sheldon, and James Huntington Stirling, the English student of Hegel, who criticises Buckle in regard to certain vulnerable portions of his great work.

The *Mercersburg Review* contains several public addresses, which are necessarily more popular and less precise than we would like to see. One of these is from President McCosh, and was delivered before the students who attend the "valuable instructions" of "the able and learned professors in this excellent theological seminary," which, we believe, has been removed from Mercersburg to Lancaster, Pa. The title of the address is "Faith in Christ," and the substance of it is that faith includes belief, an act of the intellect, and trust, an act of the will, (it certainly is considerably more than pure volition), and that it is necessary to have a creed founded on Scripture as well as a trust in Christ. It is an eloquent and pleasing discussion, but so qualified and balanced in its assertions and negations and so indistinct in its references that it is rather unsatisfactory. In a theological discussion we like a defense of something in particular, and not of a generality. We do not like to see an attack on "a kind of preaching which sprang up in New England an age or two ago, and has since traveled South and West, of which I am not sure," of which the reader is not sure whether the writer means Unitarianism, or Taylorism, or Edwardeanism. Prof. J. S. Stahr's article has just these faults of an address. It talks about Darwin and Mivart, and shows reading of these two authors, but has not one fresh idea, or one sign of investigation; and that is what is needed in a review article. Much better in this respect is the discussion of the "Relation of the German Reformed Church to Calvinism." It is suggested by the proposition that the Dutch and the German Reformed Churches should unite; and its object is to show that the German Reformed Church and its Heidelberg Confession do not teach the doctrines of imputation, predestination, election, and reprobation of the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian symbols. Perhaps the most weighty article of all is one of Prof. J. W. Nevin, in which he takes the *Observer*, the INDEPENDENT, the *Liberal Christian*, the "Essays and Reviews," and their answers, and all American and English theologians in a lump, to task for treating the Scriptures as religious authority *per se*, instead of being authority only because they depend upon and are authenticated by the history of Christ—God's Word depending on the Word which was in the beginning.

The most readable article in the *Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review* is Prof. Tayler Lewis's "Primitive Greek Religions." It is a learned, brilliant essay, and, like everything from Professor Lewis's pen, is written with an ulterior object to subserve the cause of the Christian religion and morals. A short article translated from the German disposes of a pretended likeness of our Lord. The most noteworthy article is one by Prof. Green, of Princeton, on "Cuneiform Inscriptions." The bibliographic basis of this essay is not very complete, and the writer does not seem to know that not half of the dictionary by Norris, which he speaks of as published, has been issued. Lenormant's "History of the East," in which Rawlinson's, Oppert's, and Smith's arrangements of the Assyrian dynasties are given, ought to show to any one, by the remarkable agreement of rival and envious scholars, that all that now remains is to perfect what has been substantially accomplished in Assyrian history and language. The book reviews are numerous, promiscuous, and, with one exception, trifling.

The *New Englander* is of considerably less interest than usual. The leading article is by Missionary Trowbridge, of Marash, on the Physical Geography of Turkey, and, though good, we presume, it is out of place. Dr. Bacon's article on the "Missionary Work in the Sandwich Islands" is very readable; but we cannot help thinking that a history is yet needed that will tell the missionaries' rather than the secretaries' side of the story, giving full credit to such men as Bingham, who was for years virtual king of Hawaii, and which shall do rather more justice to the Romanist missions, and shall solve the problem how and why they were banished and transported to the wild shores of California. The book notices are simply the best published in America in the department of biblical literature, and the space is not swamped with worthless books.

In the Lutheran *Quarterly Review* is the best of the discussions for this quarter of the "Descent of Man." It is by Prof. Cyrus Thomas. There are two other able articles one—by Dr. Speecher, on the "Principle of the Lutheran Reformation"; and the other by Rev. Charles A. Stork, on "Sources of Power in Preaching." The substance of it is that preaching, to be in the highest degree effective, is to be in the nature of enthusiastic testimony to the truth, rather than of argument for it.

The *Christian Quarterly*, which we very unwillingly particularize as Campbellite, because by no other word can we fix its denominational *locus*, has a mighty controversial article, of the old backwoods theological tilt and tournament style, on Dale's Judaic Baptism. We hope its logic is good; but have only read enough of it to know that its rhetoric is execrable. Most of the other articles in this beautiful quarterly are in defense of the peculiarities of this body of believers, though we must except a historical sketch of the "doctrine of the Atonement" (in which we find Gregory Nazianzum [*sic*] figuring largely). The notices of German and French books are especially good.

The *Methodist Quarterly* comes out in the brilliant green which we had thought belonged exclusively to the bright *Baptist Review*, and which we have not yet seen. We hardly know how to criticise it, as it is rather overpowering this hot weather. A formidable article by the geologist, Prof. Winchell, discusses the "Cognizableness of God, by Reason," on ontological, ætiological, cosmological, homological, and intuitional grounds. J. S. Jewell, M.D., confounds all unbelievers in his discussion of "The Conservation, Correlation, and Origin of the Physical, Vital, and Mental Forces." Three of the articles are "continued." The synopsis of the quarterlies is a favorite feature of this review, and the book criticisms are generally excellent.

—*The United States Tariff and Internal Revenue Law* (Harpers) includes the acts of 1864, 1866, 1868, 1870, 1872, and the various miscellaneous enactments; while to these Mr. Horace E. Dresser has added several convenient notes, a very full and useful index, and a complete tariff list. The book is of great value, since the revenue changes made this year are by no means few or unimportant.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Jubilee Days. Illustrated by A. Hoppin. 8vo, pp. 68. J. R. Osgood & Co..... $2 00
Fair Women. By Mortimer Collins. 8vo, paper, pp. 169. Loring..... 0 50
Unclaimed. A Novel. 12mo, pp. 281. The same..... 1 50
Christina North. By E. M. Archer. 8vo, paper, pp. 163. Appleton..... 0 75
Copy. By H. M. Thompson. 12mo, pp. 304. M. Henry & Co.....
The Eucharist. By B. Franklin. 16mo, pp. 71. The same.....
Annotations on the Hymnal. By C. L. Hutchins. Sq. cr. 8vo, pp. 304. The same.....
Thrown Together. A Novel. By F. Montgomery. 12mo, pp. 308. J. B. Lippincott & Co..... 1 50
The U. S. Tariff and Internal Revenue Law, Compiled by E. E. Foster. 8vo, paper, pp. 125. Harper & Bros..... 0 10
St. Patrick's Day. Lecture. 8vo, paper, pp. 15. P. J. Peterson & Bros..... 0 50
Daily Communings with God. From the Works of Abp. Leighton. 32mo, pp. 328. Published by the author..... 1 50
Monks, Popes, and their Political Intrigues. By J. Allegre. 16mo, pp. 328. Published by the author.....
Life of Horace Greeley. A Burlesque. 8vo, paper, pp. 112. Fisher & Denison.....

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BY A. R. FOOTE.

storm is o'er; calm as an angel's breast
he untroubled lake; white fur on high
, snowy cloudlets rest in the pure sky,
Like spirits blest.

very air around seems fraught with bliss!
ic is ringing from you green retreat;
early zephyr is as pure and sweet
As childhood's kiss.

et thy little griefs, O heart of mine!
birds give thanks to Him in tuneful lays;
ole myriad creatures breathe their grateful praise,
Oh! mingle thine.

BADEN-BADEN AND ITS GAMING TABLES.

BY PROF. F. W. FISK, D.D.

Few places equal this famous watering-place in beauty of situation. Reposing in the quiet seclusion in the charming valley of the Oos, at the entrance of the Black Forest, and just outside the great lines of travel along the Rhine, it seems as if intended, both by the salubrity of its waters and climate and the restfulness of its scenery, to restore overtaxed and prostrated energies. The town—numbering perhaps three hundred houses, and among these about twenty hotels—lies mostly on the eastern side of the Oos and up the hillside below the New Castle, while the more western bank are the public buildings—the Trinkhalle, Conversationshaus, and Theater amidst beautiful grounds, walks, and fountains. The valley varies from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile in width, through which winds the little rapid, fifty-flowing Oos over its paved channel; while on either side the hills rise from a few hundred feet to nearly two thousand feet, clad in pine forests, among which, at short intervals, peep out beautiful villas and cottages. High up on the eastern range of hills, perched on the brow of a high inaccessible cliff, are the ruins of the "Alte Schloss"—Old Castle—which for centuries previous to 1479 the residence of the Margraves of Baden. From all on a precipitous rock, it towers up in its ruin, wing and grand, even in its ruin, midst gloomy pine forests. Those old remains of the Middle Ages, grim and full of fight though they were, yet had in their composition an element of beauty which gave them an appreciation of this beautiful in Nature, and led them to select for their strongholds sites of less delightful than secure. The view from the tower of the Old Castle combines a varied and charming scenery. To the west the eye ranges over the wide valley of the Rhine, from far above Carlsruhe nearly down to Mannheim; at your feet lies Baden, filling the beautiful valley of the Oos, while on the east and south rise the dark ridges of the Black Forest.

As noted as is Baden for its scenery, it is not for this that these tens of thousands of visitors are here in the summer. Large numbers become attracted, doubtless, by its healing waters; but many thousands more by the gayeties and gaming tables. The town of 7,000 numbers scarcely more than 9,000 inhabitants; yet, last year, by actual count, visitors here in the months from May to November were more than 60,000! There have been 15,000 arrivals thus early in the present season. The waters of Baden, known even to the Romans for their curative properties, seem to have lost none of their healing virtues. They have their rise in a spur of the eastern range of hills, whose top, at the hight of about 500 feet above the town, is crowned by the old castle. The steaming waters gush out of the hillside just below the palace. Still seems to be full of these waters; there are, it is said, no less than thirty springs, pouring forth in all nearly 400 gallons each minute, with a temperature varying from 115 to 153 degrees. There are conducted to several bathing establishments throughout the town, and to the "Trinkhalle," for free drinking by the public. This is an imposing edifice, about 200 feet long, built in the form of a parade, and adorned with frescoes, with an inscription in Latin over the main entrance, to the effect that Leopold, Grand Duke of Baden, having drunk from this salubrious fountain, in order to make its waters more conveniently near to those who would drink, ordered them brought from the neighboring hill and the construction of this portico, in 1842. As you enter the hall in the rear of the porch, and step into a large room, in the center of which stands a marble column, supporting four arches of the roof; and out of it constantly pouring through two cocks of steaming, health-giving waters. Inside railing which surrounds the pillar is a young woman, ready to serve out a sparkling liquid to all who come. The price hours for drinking are from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and at these you may see approaching persons of all ages and conditions—young and old, rich and poor, the apparently well, and the limping up on canes or hobbling on crutches—all expecting to find relief and vigor in the draught. The waters are esteemed especially good to rheumatism and gout.

To multitudes the chief attractions of Baden are its gayeties and gaming. The center of both is the "Conversationshaus," just south of the Trinkhalle. It is a fine building, with drawing-rooms, reading, concert, and gaming-rooms, all sumptuously furnished. Out of it are beautiful grounds, in the center of which is an elegant music-stand, where a full orchestra and a military band alternately three times a day, Sundays excepted. Everything about the edifice and grounds is made as attractive as possible; and they are the center of resort for walking, refreshments, and conversation. To not a few, however, the main attractions are the three gaming tables in the Conversationshaus, around which throngs gather from 11 o'clock in the morning till 12 o'clock at night, through the seven days of the week. For these thirteen hours of each day gambling at each of these three tables goes on without interruption, the "bank" having six men at each table to manage the games, who are relieved every four or two by fresh sets. At one of these the gambling is by what is called "Trente-et-Quarante," in which there are four different chances, and is won by six packs of "whist" are made into one. The player can have in any chance he pleases, and for not more than five Francs up to six thousand. Around the table are seats for the players, besides the four men who manage the game; and behind those there stand twice as many more, who are little more or less in the play. Opposite each other, at the middle of the table, are the four "croupiers," two on each side, to manipulate the game; and behind each, on a high chair, sits the "*chef de jeu*," whose duty is to survey the play, and see that justice (?) is dealt to all. In front of the croupiers lies the "inventory of the playing bank," in heaps of coin, and the green tapis are marked off the same. One of the men, the "*tailleur*," takes up the shuffled cards, the players bet and standing around the table (*galerie*") place their money on whatever chance they choose, the cards are thrown down in two series, the numbers inscribed in each series not being less than forty nor more than forty, and the series whose points come nearest thirty-one wins. Instantly the result is announced by the croupiers scrape in the money, or throw it out, as the case may be (generally the former); and again the table is covered with money, and another game goes on. The old-fashioned, slow method of card-playing would not do for these fast times; for by this improved method it takes only, on an average, three-quarters of a minute to play a game. It can easily be imagined, then, how much money changes hands on these tables during the thirteen hours of each day, when at each table from twenty to forty persons participate in each game, and it occupies three-fourths of a minute.

At the other two tables the gambling is by what is termed "The Roulette," in which are sixteen different chances, and one can play for the same amount as before. In the middle of the table is a circular deepening for the Roulette—a cylinder, which moves on a top, and has thirty-eight compartments, each with its number and color, corresponding to similar ones on the table. The players put down their moneys on the figures of the "taps," the Roulette is given a whirl, while a little ivory ball is thrown in the opposite direction in a circular compartment just outside the cylinder, and when it comes to a halt and falls down into one of the depressions in the Roulette the number opposite wins. Of course, at each of the tables there are fearful odds against the players, as is evident from the fact that the "banker" pays to the government an annual tax of a million of francs, besides keeping up the grounds, furnishing music, etc., for the privilege of fleecing the public. But the race of fools has not yet died out, and a good many still linger about Baden, if one may judge from the numbers that frequent these gaming tables. With an almost absolute certainty of losing in the end their all, if they persist, they become so infatuated with the notion that the inexorable law of chances will be set aside, just for once, in their case, and they shall win heaps of the shining ore, that, notwithstanding the folly and wickedness of their course, they go on till every dollar is lost. Almost every week heart-rending cases occur of those who lose their all. A short time ago a happy couple, who came here on their bridal tour, were fascinated by the attractions of the gaming table, and the first night staked and lost all they had. The bride, who stood with her husband at the table, turned aside to weep. Yesterday a man threw forth a fifty-pound note on the Bank of Scotland, had it changed into Napoleons, and in thirty minutes had lost them all. Another fifty-pound note came forth, and in ten minutes forty pounds of that were gone. He then went into another room, to try his luck there; and the remaining ten pounds went in just five minutes. He then drew out a third fifty-pound note, and in twenty-five minutes that had also disappeared; and in a few minutes more a fourth fifty was nearly used up. Yet respectable-looking men, and women who dress like ladies, sit daily hour after hour at these tables. About as many women as men participate in these games, and they are often quite aged. Before the late war French gamblers predominated here; but now they are less than those from some other nations. Russia furnishes quite a number, as also Germany and England; and not a few, I am sorry to add, our own country.

It must be a cause of rejoicing to every lover of good morals, not to say of religion, that this open crime against both private and public virtue is to cease after this year throughout the Empire of Germany—a law having been made to that effect by the government. Nor will the law injure, but, on the contrary, largely benefit, the great German watering-places, like Homburg, Wiesbaden, and this place; for it will, it is to be hoped, purify them of this gambling element, and render them safe places to which parents may come with their families or send their sons, as they are not at present.

BADEN-BADEN, June 25th, 1872.

Farm and Garden.

KANSAS.

Of all the Western States Kansas is by far the most inviting field for emigrants at present. Railroads cross it in every direction, and it is the theater of the largest stock trade in the entire West. It possesses rapidly-growing cities and villages, and a class of population of more than usual enterprise; else how could such cities as Lawrence, Leavenworth, etc., arise to their present dignity without the most persistent energy?

An Eastern citizen about visiting the West must not suppose it is all an Utopia, nor altogether an Eldorado or Paradise to those of broken fortunes. It is, indeed, a "*land of promise*" and abundance; but it is best for all to know what to expect when they reach the borders of such a country as they desire to reach.

A correspondent, writing from Topeka, explains why we receive so many contradictory reports as to that famous country:

"The accounts reported concerning this land of promise are often very discrepant. The solution of this fact should be sought for by attention to several different points. Those who are looking westward with longing eyes from homes in the East are disposed to listen to the most favorable account of affairs and prospects here, and, having formed a Utopian life in their imagination, receive what may increase the reality of their picture, discarding the darker shades. Their stories differ greatly according to the character, temperament, etc.; as well as the good or bad success of those who have experienced Western life. Not every one who takes a fit with fortune in the West proves successful; and he who returns after even a brief battle will represent a condition of things widely different from him who has prospered so apparently easy as to readily inspire every one with the conviction that he cannot miss success. It would seem wise to obtain accounts also from those who will represent the unfavorable features which are inevitable.

"Many persons seem to think that the struggle of life is easier in the West than in the East; but a short sojourn is sufficient to convince one otherwise. A living, even a competency, may be secured as easily in Kansas as elsewhere—in some respects perhaps more so, particularly at farming; but in general the strife is carried on for more interest. The desire for wealth is so pressing that he who does not deal the blow of a strong man is likely to be overrun by the crowd. One prominent feature of affairs consists in the great preponderance of the trading and non-producing class over the producing class. And the best affinity of this country is for those who come to assist in developing its natural and peculiar resources. Such persons must possess, as would plants in a congenial soil and climate. Men of business, professions, etc., find circumstances here much as elsewhere, only competition is generally stronger. Speculating is an extensive business; but whether it be in real estate, cattle, or general stock of any description, success depends on a good knowledge of and experience in each department. Many men have become rapidly and easily wealthy by speculations; but, most of our rich men have followed a steady and persistent method of industry, gaining assistance, of course, in some instances, by little meannesses, or sharp practices, or even desperate deeds.

"Kansas rejoices in no large city, and not many considerable towns. Those who do not like to leave the pavement and shops of town for the pleasure of rural life will not like this country best. Clerks are so numerous and readily obtained that they are often taken at salaries about sufficient to pay their boarding. A first-class book-keeper and excellent scribe, a former member of a good business firm in New York, is now shoveling on the streets, because he can support his family in no better way. On the other hand, young men—and elderly, too—of substantial and energetic character, are scattered over lonely parts of the state, buying, herding, and selling Texas cattle, raising native cattle, cultivating the kindly soil for grains and fruit, and laying foundations for a home of future happiness and independence.

"The experiment of farming, with many of its usually allied pursuits—as stock and poultry raising, fruit cultivation, etc.—has as yet been so imperfectly tested, owing to the infancy of the state and its resources, that different men give widely different accounts. There is no space to speak of it here, further than to say that the conditions for profitable and agreeable farming seem to promise more favorably for the near future than most other places in the nation."

To any one who goes with a strong hand and a willing heart, ready and active to work out his fortune from the soil, too, his efforts cannot fail to meet with success. But the story of idle shifts by clerking or business ventures are the same everywhere—failure. There is no royal road to wealth.

Another correspondent, more practically familiar with the features of natural scenery in Kansas, gives good advice as to the selection of land:

"The landscapes are boldly beautiful, and sometimes rugged and picturesque. There is much level and gently undulating surface; yet there is continual relief from that level tameness found in many prairie countries.

"There are many features of natural beauty never met with in Kansas. There are no mountain torrents or snowcapped peaks, so frequent further West; no parks, canyons, or gorges, shut in by deep, gorgeous forests; no rugged seacoast, with driving billows and ascending spray, sloging the terribly thrilling music of Nature and forming fine halos and rainbows in the atmosphere.

"The first time I stood on Blue Mount, at Manhattan, near the mouth of the Big Blue, I was much impressed with the natural beauty of the scenery and the sweetness and purity of the air. It was a bright September afternoon. Nothing obstructed the sight in any direction. The views up and down the Kansas River and up the Blue were, indeed, very fine. The swollen waters quite filled the river-beds, and the shrub-like timber fringed their margins in groves and thickets as far as the eye could reach.

"Beyond and between the river valleys the rugged, tumbling prairies, elevated some two hundred feet above the streams, almost confused the senses by their picture-que undulations, abrupt upheavals, tower-like mounds, and deep ravines. At first it appeared as if Nature, once more, had thrown the hills and valleys to the four winds, because she 'would none of them'; yet, on inspection, there appeared to be much method in their wild chaos. The ridges were more or less connected, and could be approached in some way one from the other, and they doubtless covered all more or less related to some great backbone or dividing ridge of table-land. The valleys and ravines all tended toward common outlets, emptying at last into the rivers. The soil of these prairies along the Kaw River contains no gravel; but limestone crops out in quarries everywhere along the hillsides. These quarries show the gray outlines through the green grass for miles, and form no inconsiderable feature in the landscape.

"These lands have good soil, produce fine grasses, and for sheep-pasture or tillside vineyards appear very appropriate. But for plowing purposes, as we understand the matter in Illinois, nothing could be more absurd.

"I have now spoken of the roughest portion of Kansas I have met with. Passing westward, along the Kaw River, to the mouth of the Republican, and thence up the Smoky Hill branch, past the mouth of the Solomon to Salina, near the Saline River, every grade of prairie is met with, from the most hilly to the deadest level. At Junction City, near the Republican River, is found the celebrated magnesian limestone, extensively used for all fencing and building purposes. It is a substitute of grit, and is readily sawed into shape by several steam saw-mills located in this vicinity. At Solomon City a considerable quantity of salt is made from water pumped from wells. South of Salina, on Gypsum Creek, are extensive beds of gypsum, ready to be utilized when the needs of the people demand it.

"The soil is everywhere all that heart can wish, and when there is sufficient rain it is wonderfully productive. There is a strong tendency in the climate toward aridity. The word *drought* in Kansas means a great deal, and is much feared even by the most courageous. The most of the rains, however, have a wise habit of falling in April, May, and June, thus giving the crops a good start. Grass and the small grains from this cause, generally do well; but the corn crop must run the gauntlet of July and August, which is extremely hazardous, unless the season be unusual or the preparation and cultivation of the soil exceptionally good. This aridity of climate is favorable to health. There are no swamps or stagnant pool. The level lands about the streams are underlaid with sand, so that the water in the flats and low runs disappears as soon as the supply from the clouds or upper streams is discontinued.

"For most tree fruits and for grapes the soil and climate of Kansas appears well adapted. For the small fruits special nooks and protected valleys must be selected, about springs and the margins of streams.

"Kansas is a first-class stock-raising state, yet on that subject I think your correspondent is a little wild. How he can get *one hundred per cent. per annum profit from* a herd of stock I cannot imagine. In the young animal at one year old worth as much as the parent? And does he count the years of attendance, salt, taxes, loss by death, straying, etc., as absolutely nothing? I cannot understand his figures. It is easy, in new countries like Kansas, to talk flippantly of stock keeping in good condition the year round on the wild range. Slipshod pioneers often allow their cattle to browse for a living through the winter; and, by seeking the brush and herbage in protected ravines, they generally get through—sometimes in tolerable condition, but more generally with lank bodies and decimated numbers. This state of things, too, is but temporary. It passes away entirely as the country is settled and the range exhausted.

"No man desiring to *make money by stock-raising* in Kansas will trust his herds to the wild range in winter. At present he can put up plenty of good prairie hay, which costs but the cutting and stacking. This answers a good purpose. Yet cattle do not fat remarkably fat upon it. As this resource fades away, under the pressure of an incoming population, tame pastures and meadow hay must take its place. And the change will be a happy one.

"Kansas is a noble state. She is being rapidly settled and her resources developed by an energetic, industrious people. All must feel pleased at this, and many thousands will better their condition and prospects by joining their destinies to that of this young rising star."

George W. Nichols, of Delphos, Kansas, wrote recently to the Farmers' Club, American Institute, in his city, in regard to the lands in the "Valley of the Smoky."

"This stream takes its rise in the northwestern part of Kansas, and has a general southeast course, emptying into the Smoky Hill, about forty miles above where the latter unites with the Republican and forms the Kansas River. This valley is chiefly remarkable for the broad river-bottoms, great fertility of its soil, beautiful scenery, and its entire freedom from all swamps, marshes, lagoons, etc.; thus giving assurance of a healthy climate. Until within the last summer this valley has been but sparsely settled, owing to incursions of hostile Indians; but now all fear on that score is entirely removed, and during the past summer, and autumn following, emigration has been pouring in at an enormous rate. And yet there is room. Thousands of acres of Government land, open under the homestead and pre-emption laws, as beautifully situated as any that I ever saw in Central or Western New York, with a superior climate, lie up and down this valley. Young towns are springing up all along; mail-routes and post-offices are already established. Fine claims can now be had within a short distance of what will soon be large and thrifty villages. As a stock-growing section I cannot see how it can be easily surpassed. It is finely watered by numerous streams putting into the Solomon, and the range back in the bluffs will afford fresh and unlimited pasturage for many years to come. The winters are short and mild so much so that some stock-growers do not feed a pound of hay. It is usual, however, to secure about a ton per head. I know that it is a common remark for this one or that one to say that they have the finest stock country in the world. Mr. Mecker thinks between the Cache a la Poudre and Thompson Rivers is the best. Another, in Montana, is sure he has found the favored spot. I am satisfied from careful observation that one acre in this part of Kansas will afford more pasturage than five acres between the abovenamed rivers, and equally as rich, as the grasses are very nearly similar; while our winters cannot be as severe, as the above locality is at a much greater altitude and further north. It is folly to talk about short, mild winters where they have frosts in June and snow-storms in August, as they did in Colorado last summer. Mr. Mecker omits to mention the cactus, that grows so thickly there that for miles square a cow will hardly undertake to lie down, except perhaps to die. The latter, I should say, they not unfrequently do, judging from the number of carcasses scattered over the plains in the spring time. I presume the mild winters prove a little too much for them. I will advise no one to go West on the representation of another. We don't all see things alike. Go and examine for yourself. If you find a place that suits you, put up a cabin, send for the wife and little ones, get a few cows, then, with judicious management, your future will not disappoint you. Five hundred dollars invested in stock now will, with proper care, in ten years make a rich man of you. There is no danger of these vast prairies being overstocked. Cattle can be raised so cheaply here that the time is fast approaching when Eastern cities will obtain their supplies of beef far beyond the Mississippi.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

FEEDING HORSES.

A Connecticut clergyman, after careful estimates and experiments, gives the following tables for feeding horses:

For Flesh.—Indian meal, six quarts a day, sprinkled on hay, cut from four to six inches long; feed three times a day.

For Speed.—Long hay, sprinkled with water; oats, twelve quarts, always dry; feed three times a day.

A Taunton (Mass.) stableman, who has had charge of some very fine horses, feeds as follows:

"First feed them with dry feed, if they are sound. A horse should moisten his food with the secretions from the glands of the mouth, which will be more abundant with dry than with wet food. But, if a horse has the *heaves* or is *wind-broke*, he should on no account be fed with dry food. Oats form the most natural and nutritious food for the horse. My regular feed is: Oats, three quarts; cracked corn, one quart in the morning and at noon. At 6 P. M. three quarts shorts, which is a simple nourishment, and serves to keep the bowels regular and in good condition. Of course, the quantity should be varied, according to the degree of exercise taken by the horse.

"As often as once a week a change of food should be made—one feed of cut hay and meal, or cut hay with shorts, will do. Carrots, given occasionally, will give a fine, silky appearance to the coat. Musty hay or oats should never be given. Let the food be the best of the kind; it is in the end the cheapest."

A FARMERS' WIVES CLUB.

At Oatka Falls, Kansas, they have a club composed of farmers' wives. The society meets once a month at the houses of the members, in regular succession, take their lunch-baskets, and have a sort of a pic-nic supper, so as to give little trouble to the hostess. A regular subject connected with the management of the domestic department of the farm is agreed upon at a previous meeting, and is discussed over the tea and knitting-work. Like good wives, they allow their husbands to come in the evening, and girls who expect to be farmers' wives some day are welcome. The meetings are enjoyable and profitable. This is an institution that deserves to be established in more states than Kansas.

CHINESE METHOD OF PRESERVING GRAPES.

Travelers inform us that the Chinese have a method of preserving grapes so as to have them at their command during the entire year; and a recent author gives us the following account of the method adopted. It consists in cutting a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is then completely cleared out, and ripe grapes are placed inside and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then kept in a cool place, and the grapes will then be found to retain their freshness for a very long time.

CLOVER FOR HOGS.

An Ohio hog-raiser advocates the system of pasturing on clover during the summer. He presents, as the advantage of this plan, the statement that an acre of ground in clover will pasture five hogs four months, and that it will take the corn from half an acre to feed them the same time. The cultivation of the corn he counts equal to the rest of the other half acre. He further claims that hogs pastured on clover are in far better condition than if fed on corn, as they are better framed, healthier, and eat better, and also states that the land is enriched by the clover pasturing.

MANGEL WURZEL.

All things considered, we regard this as the best root crop for our climate; for the land is rich enough, and, if the plants get a good start, the severest drought seldom hurts the crop. Sow in drills three feet apart, and thin out twelve to fifteen inches in the rows. It requires about four pounds of seed per acre.

AGRICULTURAL

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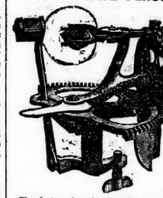

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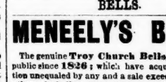

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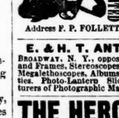

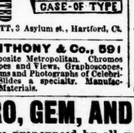

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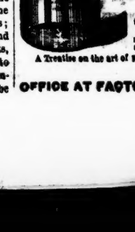

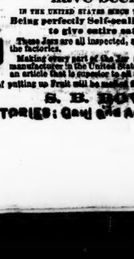

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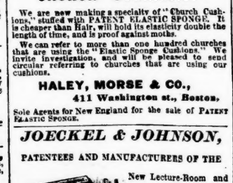

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Insurance.

"It happens that the insurance agent, in his inquiry for insuring people, very seldom finds any who intends to insure *now*. With one consent they express an intention of doing so *in the future*. If it were not for insurance agents, how very few of these intentions would ever be realized! But the agent, by treating the subject as a matter of business, to be dealt with promptly and in a business-like manner, forces the transaction to a conclusion."

Those who have any experience in the business of life insurance know how true this is, and that it is of every-day occurrence that the intending insurer puts off, for the most trivial reasons, the final closing of his contract with the company; so little is the risk of death considered, or still less the possibility that any sickness can occur to render assurance impracticable.

No visitor, therefore, ought to be more welcome than the life insurance agent, or treated with more consideration. His duty is a responsible one, as he comes to remind others of theirs. He follows a very arduous profession, as he is frequently met with much prejudice and unjust criticism. He has to contend with a blind, unreasoning confidence in the continuance of life, or repugnance at parting with money; a disposition to put off every engagement to the latest hour, and a false financial economy with regard to the premium. All these form objections very difficult to overcome; but the man who is equal to the occasion, who has, in fact, the force to scatter them to the winds, unreasoning and ridiculous as they are, is the man who fulfills a mission that should deserve the highest praise we are capable of giving.

A confidence in the continuance of life is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of being. "Wait till my next birthday" is the constant apology for not deciding upon the important question, and the thought that when that time arrives health and even life itself may be parted with does not occur to the mind. We see the liability of others, but not our own.

If life assurance is a necessity to any man, if the want of it would produce great distress to others and great grief to himself, it is unspeakable folly to put it off even until next birthday.

Men are apt to think that any time will do for life insurance. Thus any time becomes no time. Time slips rapidly away. The men who year after year meant to insure die, and are found to have been uninsured after all.

The obvious conclusion that any candid man will come to after a reflection on this subject is, that there is only one proper time for the business of life insurance where a need for it exists, and that is *at once*.

Financial & Commercial.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

THE COST OF THE GREAT STRIKE.—It is estimated that the loss of the workingmen consequent upon the great strike in the City of New York, which has now come to an end, will amount in round numbers to about five millions of dollars. From seventy to eighty thousand men are said to have been idle for some two months and a half. Their wages, if they had continued their work, would have been not less than the above-named sum. This to them is a direct loss. The injury to the employers must be at least twice this amount. The direct loss to both classes is, therefore, equal to about fifteen millions of dollars. The workingmen have also consumed a large part of their private savings in order to live during the strike, besides greatly reducing the funds of the "trades-unions," from which they have more or less drawn. The smaller capitalists have been most seriously injured, and perhaps some of them ruined, by this insane effort of the strikers. The larger capitalists have been better able to bear the temporary loss, which they will make up when their turn comes. What has been gained by the workingmen? *Nothing;* absolutely nothing. They have demagned themselves, and damaged their employers, whose business furnishes them the means of living, and secured no advantage to anybody. The strike was upon its very face the most stupid and impracticable project that ignorant and foolish men ever attempted to carry into effect. It proposed to reduce the time of labor from ten hours to eight per day, and yet continue the same rate of wages. It demanded that the cost of production to the capitalist should be increased by twenty per cent.—a demand utterly preposterous and as utterly impracticable. Capitalists could not, for a rule, comply with it. They could not add twenty per cent. to the price of their products, and yet find a market for them. The only possible theory upon which they could comply with the demand was a proportionate reduction of wages; and this surely would have brought no advantages to those who live on their daily or weekly wages. It is to be hoped that the working classes will learn something from this attempt to force the laws of political economy out of their natural channel. The thing can never be permanently done, and hence the effort is always doomed to failure. The leaders who engineered this movement, and who are the chief causes of these severe losses, had better be considered as blind guides, whom it is not safe to follow. If the workingmen, sternly taught by their own experience, shall thoroughly learn this one lesson, they will be too wise to try any such experiment a second time. They have paid too dearly for their folly not to learn something from it.

THE "FINANCIER'S" REPLY.—The *Financier* is quite mistaken in supposing that THE INDEPENDENT has any confusion of ideas in respect to greenbacks, considered "as a medium of business transactions between man and man, and as a debt obligation against the Government and a medium of transactions between the Government and the people." THE INDEPENDENT's ground is that the Government cannot honorably change the character of these notes as "a debt-obligation"; and to this proposition the *Financier* makes no reply. Its theory is to repeal the legal-tender quality of greenbacks, and thus reduce them to the level of mere promissory notes; and this, as THE INDEPENDENT insists, would be a gross violation of public honor, since it would essentially change the nature of the contract between the parties. The Government issued these notes with the legal-tender quality expressly inscribed upon them as an integral portion of the stipulation; and to withdrawn this quality while they are in the hands of the people, and thus change their character, without the consent of the holders, is simply to perpetrate a fraud of which no honest government will be guilty. This is the point urged by THE INDEPENDENT against the schemes of the *Financier*. Moreover, the character and power of these notes, as "a medium" of exchange "between man and man," are founded upon their character "as a debt obligation against the Government." The legal-tender quality is a part of this "obligation"; and it cannot be withdrawn by a mere act of law, without affecting them "as a medium" of exchange. The *Financier* thinks that "the change would not be very great"; yet this is not the point. If it impaired, as it would, the exchange value of the notes to *any* extent, then so far the act would be one of dishonor. The financial consequence of the act would not be "one step forward toward specie payments," but rather specie payment itself at a single bound, and without the requisite conditions. There would be no legal-tender except the coined dollar; and this change, suddenly made, before the country is prepared for the resumption of specie payment, would as suddenly derange the exchanges of society. We are, hence, opposed to the theory of the *Financier* on both moral and financial grounds.

MR. BOUTWELL'S FIGURES.—Secretary Boutwell, in his recent speech at Greensboro, North Carolina, submitted the following statement, as showing the fidelity with which our revenue laws had been enforced under General Grant:

"The extent of the system of frauds upon the Government, in evading the payment of taxes justly due, is at once illustrated and demonstrated by these facts. The revenue derived from tobacco in the State of Virginia during the last 44 months of Mr. Johnson's Administration, covering almost the whole of his official term, was about a million and a half of dollars; while the amount collected in that state from the same source, at a reduced rate of tax, during the three years and first three months of the fourth year of Gen. Grant's Administration was over $13,000,000. The total revenue derived from distilled spirits during the last three years of Mr. Johnson's Administration was $93,454,054, and for the first three years of Gen. Grant's Administration $151,935,618; showing a gain of $58,481,564, equal to 64 per cent. increase—and this in view of the fact that the duty was $2 a gallon during a large part of the first period, and only about 75 cents during the second period. A similar comparison shows that the revenue from tobacco was increased from $38,798,784 in the first period to $97,479,076 in the second period, or at the rate of 67 per cent.

General Grant, in his inaugural address on the 4th of March, 1869, said to the American people: "It will be my endeavor to execute all laws in good faith, to collect all revenues assessed, and to have them properly accounted for and economically disbursed. I will, to the best of my ability, appoint to office those only who will carry out this design." The history of his Administration shows that he has sacredly kept this pledge; and this is the reason why the Government, notwithstanding a great reduction of taxes, has been able to make such a large payment on the public debt.

COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION.—Mr. Edward Young, in an advance abstract of his Monthly Report, No. 9, of the Bureau of Statistics, states that the imports for the first nine months of the last fiscal year, ended March 31st, 1872, amount to $147,333,474, as against $384,031,488 for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year—showing an increase of $63,301,986 during the former named period; that domestic exports (specie values) amount to $266,673,242, as against $372,827,532 for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year—showing in these exports a decrease of $8,194,290; and that foreign exports amount to $16,646,142, as against $22,027,534 for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year—showing a decrease of $5,381,392. The figures which represent the imports and exports of specie and bullion stand thus: Nine months, ended March 31st, 1872, imports $8,993,063, exports $35,225,994, as against imports $17,086,839, exports $54,777,274 for the nine months ended March 31st, 1871. The number of American vessels that entered the ports of the United States during the twelve months ended March 31st, 1872, was 10,803, with a tonnage of 3,638,511 tons; and the number that cleared during the same period was 10,733, with a tonnage of 3,759,055 tons. The number of foreign vessels that entered American ports was 19,210, with a tonnage of 6,925,397 tons; and the number that cleared from these ports was 19,280, with a tonnage of 6,853,886 tons. The immigrants that arrived in the United States for the quarter ended March 31st, 1872, were 46,809, of whom 30,896 were males and 15,913 were females. Of these immigrants Great Britain furnished 11,071, Ireland 5,493, and Germany and Austria 15,414.

THE NATIONAL BANKS.—The followin, abstract, prepared by John Jay KNOX, Controller of the Currency, exhibits the condition of the national banks at the close of business hours on the 10th of June 1872:

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	$867,435,886 73
Overdrafts	4,497,886 48
United States bonds to secure circula.	
tion	317,029,700 00
United States bonds to secure deposits	15,469,350 00
United States Bonds and securities on hand	16,458,250 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	2,270,610 47
Due from redeeming and reserve agents	91,504,209 53
Due from other National Banks	29,468,231 03
Due from State Banks and bankers	15,014,205 26
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	21,125,187 71
Current expenses	6,719,784 90
Premiums	4,076,174 75
Checks and other cash items	13,471,230 98
Exchanges for Clearing house	88,226,460 16
Bills of other National Banks	16,197,598 00
Bills of State Banks	187,172 00
Fractional currency	2,069,463 94
Specie	24,250,644 11
Legal tender notes	119,851,840 00
Clearing house certificates	12,000,000 00
Three per cent. certificates	3,375,000 00
Aggregate	$1,770,837,269 40
Number of banks, 1,858.	

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	$470,545,261 00
Surplus fund	103,343,362 00
Undivided profits	50,234,284 32
National Bank notes outstanding	321,805,732 00
State Bank notes outstanding	1,700,935 00
Dividends unpaid	1,451,016 00
Individual deposits	618,801,619 49
United States deposits	8,305,044 77
Deposits of United States disbursing officers	5,403,963 46
Due to National Banks	132,804,324 02
Due to State Banks and bankers	39,951,926 43
Notes and bills rediscounted	4,745,178 22
Bills payable	5,949,479 54
Aggregate	$1,770,837,269 40

(Signed) JOHN JAY KNOX,
Controller of the Currency.

GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURES.—The following statement shows the net ordinary expenditures of the Government per year for the last six fiscal years:

Years.	Amount.
1867	$357,542,675 16
1868	377,340,284 86
1869	322,865,277 80
1870	309,653,500 75
1871	292,177,188 25
1872	277,000,000 00

Nearly the whole of the first period of three years was under Johnson's Administration; and the last period of three years was under that of General Grant, the last year of which is given from semi-official sources. The aggregate expenditures of the first period of three years amount to the sum of $1,057,748,237.82, and the second period to that of $878,830,689—showing a decrease during the last three fiscal years on the three previous years of $178,917,548.82. Those who charge extravagance and wastefulness upon the Administration of General Grant would do well to study these figures, and compare them with those that represent the expenditures of the Government during the last three years of Johnson's Administration, which was Democratic, so far as he could make it such.

STATISTICAL ITEMS.

THERE are eleven savings banks in San Francisco, having 38,870 depositors on the 30th of June, 1871, with $34,541,597 of deposits, and outstanding loans amounting to $32,310,571. The gross earnings of these banks for the previous six months were $1,737,149. There were nine savings banks in other parts of California on the 30th of June, 1871, having 12,949 depositors, with $6,337,219 of deposits and $6,195,900 of outstanding loans, and gross earnings of $436,231 for the previous six months.

—Mr. David A. Wells estimates that the permanent accumulations of the English nation for the last eight hundred years are equal to about $30,000,000,000, and that those of the United States for the last two hundred and fifty years are equal to about $25,000,000,000.

—The report of the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for 1871 shows $22,202,100.58 of receipts, against expenses of $15,365,697.07, leaving a surplus of $6,896,403.51, of which $5,426,112.73 were paid out in dividends, interest, etc.

THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

We have formerly spoken of the Continental Insurance Company. We know all about it; we helped establish it; its *first policy was issued to us*, and we have not been without its protection from loss by fire since January, 1853. We have watched its rapid and honorable progress with interest, and during the twenty years of its life have rejoiced in its rapidly increasing strength, popularity, and usefulness.

Its liberality, promptness, and fair dealing gained for it long ago pre-eminent rank among the insurance companies of this country.

Its generous conservatism had accumulated a surplus of $1,500,000 above its capital of a half million, and with this it encountered the Chicago fire of October last, which, in consuming that surplus, proved the sterlin, quality of the company by its payment for those losses of an amount equal to three times its capital, and left it stronger than ever in the just confidence of the people.

Its directors, composed of the first merchants, capitalists, and business men of the city, and its well-known and experienced officers, promptly met the disaster, as the community knew they would meet it. The board met the morning after the first news of the company's loss had been received, and immediately determined to add another half million to the capital; *and they subscribed for the whole amount within fifteen minutes.* The stockholders energetically responded to the call, and a million and a quarter was subscribed, when but a half million was wanted. This additional capital was paid in just as soon as the law would allow.

Its heavy losses in Chicago are paid, and with its increased capital the company once more starts the accumulation of a surplus, upon the same plan which enabled it to triumph over the wasting ordeal of 1871.

The scrip issues of 1866 to 1871 are canceled by this disaster; they have fulfilled their purpose. The Company has paid to its scrip holders a million of dollars in redemption and interest upon prior issues, and will probably pay other millions in the same way before the next great conflagration occurs. It is the intention of the Company to be ready for the next great loss, so that that too may be paid out of its surplus funds. Scrip of our own has been canceled. We do not regret it. We want the Company to go on piling up a surplus, which shall be more magnificent in proportion to its present capital than its former surplus was to its former capital; and we shall be glad to have all companies pursue a similar course. What the people *need* is, *security;* and the best road to security is by means of a grand surplus.

We know the Continental Company to be substantial and most ably managed, and we congratulate its stockholders and its customers upon its grand record in the past and on its brilliant prospects for the future.

MONEY MARKET.

OUR money market at present is very easy—that is, to say, easy for borrowers; but lenders find it difficult to obtain more than 2½ to 3 per cent. on call loans, and our banks have more currency in their vaults than they can employ to advantage in discounting notes. The last weekly Bank Statement was a very satisfactory one, inasmuch as it showed a gain in the reserve of near $400,000 over last week, with a large increase in deposits. Loans through the week were made at 2½ to 4 per cent. on call, and at the commencement of the present week at 3 per cent. Every one understands, however, that this abundance is not likely to last long, and that whenever there shall come a demand for currency to move the crops, either at the South or West, rates will suddenly stiffen up and the money will be tight again. Still, private banks are making loans on long time, three to four months, to stock houses at 5 to 6 per cent. The smaller stock brokers prefer borrowing from day to day at 3 to 4 per cent., because they change their customers 7 per cent. for carrying stocks; and when there comes a squeeze, and they have to pay over 7 per cent., they charge the excess to their customers. Speculation revived a little on the Stock Exchange last week, and prices of the leading speculative shares—like Pacific Mail, St. Paul, Northwestern, and Lake Shore—were higher and more active, while Erie dropped off to 51¼, but at the commencement of the present week recovered to 53½. Pacific Mail and Erie continue to be favorites among stock operators for a quick turn: the former because it is believed that on the return of Mr. Stockwell, the president, from San Francisco he will put up the price, which will, in the opinion of many, continue to advance until it touches par at the end of the year; and Erie because the foreign holders of it are so powerful that they can put it up or down at their pleasure, and the only way in which they can save themselves from a heavy loss in carrying their stock is by the process known as "milking the street"—putting the stock up and making a profit by alternately selling it "short" and buying it when it goes down. A stock that moves quickly up and down is just the thing for speculators, because it not only returns a quick profit, but renders it tolerably safe to both bulls and bears.

Wall Street is so much influenced by external movements that it is necessary to keep a sharp look out in all directions. The danger that threatens the street just now is the new French Loan, which will absorb a good deal of the money that would otherwise be seeking an investment on this side of the Atlantic. This great loan, which will be for the special benefit of Prussia, diverts attention for a short time from our securities, and will prevent Secretary Boutwell from placing the remainder of his 5 per cent. and 4½ per cent. bonds on the European market until late in the fall. The details of the French Loan were received by cable telegram from London on Monday. The loan is for 3,000,000,000 francs, about $600,000,000, at five per cent., the price of issue 84¼, payable 14¼ on allotment, and the remainder, 70 per cent., in twenty monthly installments of 3¼ per cent. The subscription opens on the 28th inst., and no doubt is entertained of the whole loan being immediately taken.

Gold has not advanced as much as had been anticipated, and the shipments to Europe, though large, are not alarmingly so. The price has not been above 114¾, and it has been as low as 114¼. At the commencement of the week it was 114¾. There is a clique of bulls in gold—composed mostly of the still solvent members of the famous clique whose infamous speculations culminated in the historical "Black Friday"—who are trying their best to put up the price. But they are successfully held in check by the Secretary of the Treasury, who has thus far blocked their game. They have vainly endeavored to put up the premium to 115.

The financial condition of the country is now more safe for business operations than it has been before since 1860; and, as the prospects of our great agricultural staples are highly encouraging, there are good reasons for predicting a very successful business season the coming fall. Active speculations do not always occur in prosperous business seasons; but, as speculators now engage mostly in railroad stocks, and as a remarkable degree of success attends the railways in all parts of the country, they offer very tempting opportunities, which are not likely to be neglected by the heavy operators on our Stock Exchange. The presidential election will to a certain extent divert attention from Wall Street; and, if the chances should happen to favor the Democratic candidate, the apprehension of bankers and capitalists will be aroused, and prudent men will begin to put their houses in order and prepare for an impending calamity. But at present a Democratic triumph is so remote a possibility that Wall Street is not disturbed by it.

Banking House
OF
JAY COOKE & CO.,
20 Wall St., New York.

We continue to sell at par, adding accrued interest, the First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Track-laying on the Road is now progressing at the rate of two miles a day, through the most fertile prairie region of Dakota. On the completion of this season's contracts there will be FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN miles of the main line in operation, uniting Lake Superior with the Missouri River, and securing the large traffic of the Northwest. This amount of road also entitles the Company to Ten Million Four Hundred Thousand Acres of Land, located in Central Minnesota, Eastern Dakota, and in the Columbia Valley, on the Pacific Coast. The bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the Road, its Traffic, and Franchise, and on the entire Land Grant received from the Government. The rate of interest is Seven and Three-tenths, Gold, equivalent to about Eight and a Quarter per Cent. in Currency. Believing the security to be ample and the rate of interest satisfactory, we recommend these bonds as a desirable investment. Holders of United States 5-20s and high-priced corporate securities may materially increase both their principal and their interest income by exchanging for Northern Pacifics

JAY COOKE & CO.,
New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY'S
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them.

Besides being the obligation of a wealthy corporation, composed of men of experience and high-toned commercial integrity, they are secured by a first mortgage on the road, revenues, land grant, franchise, and equipments, combined in one mortgage, and are readily negotiable both in the markets of this country and of Europe.

A Liberal Sinking Fund provided in the Mortgage Deed must advance the price upon the closing of the loan. Principal and interest payable in *gold*. Interest at eight [8] per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. Denominations $1,000, $500, and $100, Coupons or Registered.

Price 97½ and accrued Interest, in currency, from February 15th, 1872.

Maps, Circulars, Documents, and information furnished.

Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York.

The diminished quantity of these Bonds for sale, and the increased demand absorbing them, warrant the belief they will soon be sought for at an advance considerably above the present subscription price at which they can now be had through the principal Banks and Bankers throughout the country, and from the undersigned, who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street, N. Y

GROCERS' MARKET REVIEW.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE INDEPENDENT,"
BY H. K. THURBER & CO.,
173 and 175 Chambers, 284 286, 288 Greenwich street New York.

COFFEES are dull. Large parcels of Rio cannot be sold except at a concession in price, while the market on all varieties is in favor of the buyer. The demand from the retail trade continues brisk for the season, but purchases are made for immediate wants. The weak point in the market is the high range of values which Coffees are bringing, particularly Rios, which will probably continue to decline, in face of arrivals of the new crop. Javas hold a better position, as they are relatively cheaper; and, although the stock is large, it is well concentrated in the hands of strong holders.

FISH AND SALT.—Mackerel continues dull. Dried Herring are in fair request. Codfish are in very light stock. The demand is good, and full prices are realized. Salt is steady. Liverpool Fine is in fair demand and other kinds unchanged.

FRUITS.—The trade in Foreign Dried is not large. There is more doing in Malaga Raisins in bond at unchanged prices. The advance on Citron is well maintained, with increased sales. Sardines are selling more liberally at easier prices. A fair degree of interest is manifested for goods delivered after 1st August. Domestic Dried move slowly.

MOLASSES.—There is no change in the condition of the market. Stocks are not heavy. Fine grades insure full prices readily, and boiling and distilling qualities are quiet at unchanged values. Domestic is slightly lower on medium grades.

RICE.—Foreign is decidedly strong, and Domestic brings full figures, with a good demand for each.

SPICES.—Pepper sells readily at quoted rates. Cloves are held at full prices and not offered freely. Bird Peppers are higher. Nutmegs are in better request, with increased movement, at slightly advanced rates. The near approach to 1st of August creates more inquiry for most kinds.

SUGARS.—Refined continue in good and generally active demand, and, as none of the refiners are working up to their capacity, there is no accumulation of stock. In many instances deliveries have been slow for want of stock. The market is steady and prices generally well supported, without excitement. Raws are quiet. Sales from the wharves are made at a small concession; but prime parcels in store are held with some degree of firmness. Refiners, who are the principal buyers, continue to delay purchases, in hopes of a turn in their favor. Jobbers buy lightly, refined being proportionably lower in value and better adapted to the wants of consumers.

SYRUPS are in light request, as usual at this period of the year. Stocks are moderate. Fine and good grades are steady in values; very ordinary is neglected. Sugar-house moves a little more freely at quoted rates.

TEAS.—The market for invoices continues active, while there is a good demand for lines, and the retail trade are freely replenishing their stocks. Large parcels are being offered by auction and meet with ready purchasers. The removal of duties, and consequent lower prices to the consumer, has the effect to stimulate consumption, and the country is rapidly absorbing the surplus stock which accumulated while the question of removal of duties was pending.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE INDEPENDENT."

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.

BREADSTUFFS, Etc.—The Flour market is variable. The fluctuations are not great, but there is a lack of stability and the general tone is easy. The receipts are only moderate and the local demand fair, with a restricted call for export. Buyers and sellers do not manifest any decided desire to operate. The former, in view of lower values for wheat, only purchase for immediate wants, and the latter are not in haste to make concessions whilst the receipts are light. The market can be written somewhat doubtful, purchasers giving themselves the benefit of the doubt. Choice Family grades are firm. Southern has been in pretty good request for South America and the West Indies, with but slight variation in prices. Oregon and California Flours are neglected. Favorite Bakers' brands are relatively scarce, and full values are maintained. Standard brands from fresh superior Spring Wheat are in small supply, with a good call for home use. Mediums and low grades are easy. The scarcity of freight-room checks the fulfillment of orders and tends to depression. The receipts, though moderate, are fully adequate to the demand. Rye Flour is steady. Corn Meal is less active, at unchanged values. Wheat is irregular, and the tendency in buyers' favor. The variations are not excessive, but the market lacks spirit. The latest advices from Great Britain and the Continent report an improved condition of crop prospects; and, reports as far as received being very favorable for good or heavy crops at home, tends to quietness and lower values. The receipts are quite light, but high rates for ocean freights deter exportations, and millers are not eager to purchase, in view of the new crop soon to be thrown on the market. Rye is lower, with an increased export demand. Corn has declined, in consequence of high freights cutting off foreign shipment. Barley is nominal. Barley Malt is steady. Oats are less active at lower figures. Peas are nominal and Beans in buyers' favor.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—*Bricks* continue in good request at steady values. The stock of Pine is larger than the supply of Fronts. *Cement* is steady for all grades. *Glass* is a trifle more active for Foreign and steady for American. *Hair* is nominal, holders awaiting advices *via* the Southern mail in regard to the alleged complications between Brazil and the states on the Rio de la Plata. *Plaster Paris* is unchanged. *Lime* is firm for all well-known brands. *Lumber.*—Southern Pine is dull, but prices are firm. Eastern Spruce is in good demand and short supply. Shingles are very dull. Dressed Boards in good export demand. *Laths* are in moderate request and steady. *Hard Wood* in small stock and good demand.

COTTON.—The market is depressed and lower, with an increased business at the decline. Latest advices indicate a full or excessive crop. Previous reports of damage by rain and worms find but little credence, as is evidenced by the decided decline within the past few days. For future delivery there is considerable activity, with a wide range in prices. The market closed in buyers' favor.

HIDES AND LEATHER.—The market for Hides is decidedly dull and values are nominal. Leather is generally quiet at very firm prices. Crop is in better supply and easier. The trade do not manifest any disposition to operate.

METALS.—Scotch Pig Iron is dull. American scarce and very firm. English Rails are tame. American in fair request. Scrap is quiet. Refined Bar is higher and firm at the advance. Ingot Copper is easier and quite dull. Manufactures of Copper and Yellow Metal are unchanged. Pig Lead is nominal; holders anticipate a better demand. Nails are steady, with an upward tendency on Cut. Spelter is inactive. Steel is firm. Pig Tin is unsettled. An advance is asked for deliveries after 1st proximo. Plates are in good request. Iron Wire is very firm. Zinc is dull.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Beeswax, Brooms, Broom Corn, and Candles are without change. Cooperage Stock is firm, with light demand. Drugs and Dyes are generally steady. Cochineal is in active demand. Sago is firm. Opium dull. Chemicals are in increased request. Dyewoods in moderate demand. Gunny Bags and Cloth very dull. Hardware firm for all kinds. Hay and Straw in buyers' favor. Liberal receipts of new depresses the market for old stock. Hemp and Jute Butts inactive. Hops very firm for all qualities. India Rubber quiet. Indigo dull. Paints dull and stock increasing. Paper and Rags in full supply and market quiet. Skins unchanged. Grass Seeds nominal. Tallow in moderate demand and firm. Seeds.—Clover is in good request. Kentucky in demand for export and home trade at firm prices. Whale Bone nominal.

OILS, NAVAL STORES, Etc.—City Linseed Oil is dull. Crude Fish without change. Lard Oil easier. Menhaden very firm. Oil Cake quiet. Crude Petroleum in fair demand and firm. Refined quiet but higher. Naptha dull. Spirits Turpentine active and higher. Tar less firm. Pitch steady.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is dull and the market slightly irregular. The trade, in anticipation of a decline, have purchased lightly. Dressed Hogs are lower, in consequence of lighter receipts. Lard is firmer for new, but weak and dull for Winter Rendered. Cut Meats are steady. Bacon is irregular. Long Clear is not wanted. Short Ribs in fair demand. Fair amount sold for export. Beef dull, with a fair inquiry for trade and for export. Tierce Beef dull and nominal.

WOOL.—The market generally is strong. Holders are not disposed to any abatement in values, in view of the recent London auction sale, on which they predicate their belief that the lowest point has been reached. Manufacturers the world be willing to operate in good parcels at a reasonable concession, but are not met in their views. The stock of Domestic is more than sufficient for present demand; but estimates place a decrease for the season below the probable demand for consumption. South American descriptions are quiet. Cape is in fair request. Higher rates are demanded for Buenos Ayres Sheep Skins, the stock being small and none expected for several months. Domestic Wool is without noticeable change. Western fleeces adhere to their previous figures and are decidedly firm generally. The stock of Texas is ample, arrivals having been heavy for several weeks past. Georgia is also contributing liberally to the supply. The receipts from Lower California are increasing, and are laid down here at a loss to the consignors.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 23D, 1872.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEVES are ½ cent per pound higher, which is decidedly satisfactory to sellers. The larger proportion of late receipts were of fair quality. The largest advance was on fair and medium grades. Milch Cows increase in quality, without noticeable change in values. Calves are in fair request at ½ cent per pound decline. Sheep and Lambs are in excess of demand, and prices ½ cent per pound off. The arrivals of Swine have decreased materially, and better prices rule.

BEEVES—Receipts 7,558. Sales: Prime to Extra, 12½ to 13¼ cents; Medium to Good, 11¾ to 12 cents; Common to Fair, 10¾ to 11¾ cents; very Poor, 9¼ to 10 cents per pound.

MILCH COWS, $40 to $78 each. Receipts 135.

VEAL CALVES.—Receipts 2,102. Prime Milk-fed, 8¼ to 9 cents. Ordinary to good, 6 to 8 cents. Grasses, 4 to 5 cents per pound.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Receipts 26,154. Sheep, 5¾ to 7 cents, with a few extra at 7¼ cents. Lambs, 10 to 12 cents per pound.

SWINE.—Receipts 23,397. Nothing doing in Live Hogs. Dressed in good demand at 6 to 6¼ cents per pound.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, July 22d, 1872.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.			
Merrimack, D	13	Wamsutta	9
Cocheco, D	13	Garner & Co	11
Pacific	11¾	Arnold	10
Pacific, extra	11¾	Hamilton	11¾
Dunnell	11¾	Richmond	11¾
Manchester	11¾	Gloucester	11¾
Allen	11¾	Hampden	11¾
Hamilton	11¾	Oriental	11¾
Brevet	11¾	Hazzwater	11¾
TICKS.			
York, B-inch	22½	Swift River	13¼
York, 8-inch	20	Methuen, A	15¾
Amoskeag A. C. A	31	Hamilton, Regular	13¼
" S	23	Willow Brook	13¼
" D	19	Everett	15
" B	16	" C	13¼
Conestoga, Gold M'l	32	Hampden, CC	15
Extra, 6-4	39	Pequot	20
		Pittsfield	8¾
CORSET JEANS.			
Amoskeag	14¾	Pepperell	17
Laconia	14¾	Naumkeag, Satteen	17
Laconia, Satteen	17	Everett	15¾
New Market	13¾	Everett	15¾
BROWN DRILLS.			
Amoskeag	11¾	Appleton	15¾
Pepperell	13¾	Tremont	14
Lawrence	13¾	Augusta	14
Stark A	13½	Winthrop	13
CANTON FLANNELS.			
Pacific	20	Lowell	16
Hamilton	20	Saratoga	16
Manchester	20	Lonsdale	15
Fruit of the Loom	18	Everett	13
Lewiston	16	Ellerton, H	20
Tremont, A	15¾	Ellerton, L	18
" H	18	" O	16
Nashua A	16	" P	20
Great Falls, E	18¾		
" J	16¾		
Red Bank	17½		
Waltham, X	11¾		
" 42-inch	16¾		
"	14		
Bay State	16¾		
Green, G	14		
Amoskeag	13¾		
"	12½		
DENIMS.			
Otis Company, CC	17		
" BB	15		
" A	13½		
Warren, Brown	18		
Lowell, Brown	16		
Columbian	14		
STRIPED SHIRTINGS.			
Whittenton, A	14		
" B	14¾		
" C	13¾		
Eagle	10		
Thorndike	18		
Hazzwater	11¾		
TICKS.			
Swift River	13¼		
Methuen, A	15¾		
Hamilton, Regular	13¼		
Willow Brook	13¼		
Everett	15		
" C	13¾		
Hampden, CC	15		
Pequot	20		
Pittsfield	8¾		
CORSET JEANS.			
Pepperell	17		
Naumkeag, Satteen	17		
Everett	15¾		
Everett	15¾		
BROWN DRILLS.			
Appleton	15¾		
Tremont	14		
Augusta	14		
Winthrop	13		
CANTON FLANNELS.			
Lowell	16		
Saratoga	16		
Lonsdale	15		
Everett	13		
Ellerton, H	20		
Ellerton, L	18		
" O	16		
" P	20		
Amoskeag A	13¼	Proprietl, E	13¾
Lawrence, D	13¼	" F	13¾
" L	13¾	" G	13¾
" R	13¾	" H	13¾
" T	13¾	" I	13¾
Pacific, Extra	13¾	" K	13¾
" H	13¾	" L	13¾
" W	13¾	" M	13¾
Atlantic A	13¾	" N	13¾
" H	13¾	Apsley, A	13¾
Stark A	13¾	Lewis	13¾
Manchester, HH	13¾	Lenox, O	13¾
" KK	13¾	" E	13¾
Indian Head	13¾	" F	13¾
Exeter, A	13¾	Lyman, G	13¾
" B	13¾	" O	13¾
Medford	13¾	Fremont	13¾
Augusta	13¾	Ingrae Orchard	13¾
"	13¾	"	13¾
Pittsfield, A	13¾	Great Falls, H	13¾
Bedford, A	13¾	" J	13¾
Pocasset	13¾	Newmarket, A	13¾
Newmarket, A	13¾	"	13¾
BLEACHED MUSLIN.			
New York Mills	24	Reynolds, AA	12½
Wamsutta	24	Ballou & Son	17
"	22	Ballou & Son	14
Pocasset	13	"	12
Dwight	14	Lonsdale	12
Pride of the West	13	"	11
Hope	13	"	10
Lonsdale	14	Barnard	14
"	13	"	13
Langdon	14	Joseph Mellen	13
"	13	"	12
Waterloo	14		

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